



Also *Tommy*
TOMORROW SPACE PLANETEER



SUPERMAN

ACTION COMICS

MAY
NO. 192

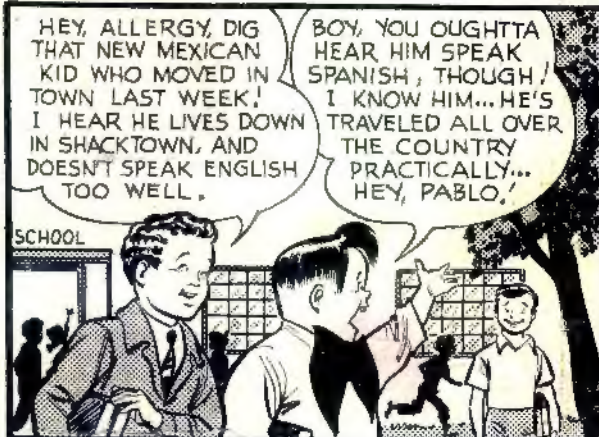
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Featuring
**"The
MAN WHO
SPED UP
SUPERMAN"**

HMPH! I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW YOU COULD
HAVE DONE THAT
BETTER AND FASTER,
SUPERMAN!



Binky says: "Welcome AMIGO!"



SUPERMAN

NO ONE HAS EVER DOUBTED THAT **SUPERMAN**, WHOSE MIGHTY MUSCLES CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS, WHOSE SUPER BRAIN CAN SOLVE THE MOST COMPLICATED PROBLEMS, IS THE MOST EFFICIENT MAN IN THE WORLD! OR IS HE? MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND AFTER YOU'VE MET JASPER COLDSTONE, WHO BELIEVED THE MAN OF STEEL WAS NOT MAKING THE BEST USE OF HIS POWERS-- AND WHO, BY VIRTUE OF A STRANGE CHALLENGE, BECAME...

The **MAN** who **SPED UP** **SUPERMAN!**

STOP WASTING TIME, **SUPERMAN!** YOU CAN ALSO BLOW OUT THAT BRUSH FIRE WHILE ATTENDING TO THESE DETAILS!

THANKS, **SUPERMAN**... IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO REPAIR THIS TIRE THEY SHOT UP!

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ONE DAY, AS THE ENTIRE STAFF OF THE **DAILY PLANET** ASSEMBLES FOR A SPECIAL MEETING CALLED BY EDITOR PERRY WHITE...

FOLKS, COSTS ARE GOING SO HIGH, I'VE DECIDED TO HIRE MR. JASPER COLDSTONE, THE FAMED **EFFICIENCY EXPERT!**

I'VE SCHEDULED PRECISELY EIGHT MINUTES, NINE SECONDS FOR THIS MEETING... THEN-- BACK TO WORK! ANY QUESTIONS?

YES SIR... WHAT IS AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT?

SOMEONE WHO FINDS WAYS TO SAVE **TIME** AND THEREFORE **MONEY!** I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT QUESTION, YOUNG MAN, BECAUSE I HAPPENED TO OBSERVE YOU THIS MORNING!



"YOU WERE READING A MYSTERY STORY AND COULDN'T TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM IT! THUS, WHEN MR. COLLINS, THE NEWS EDITOR, CALLED FOR YOU, YOU BUMPED INTO MR. WILSON AND JARRED HIS ELBOW."

OOPS! SORRY, SIR!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, KID!



"CONSEQUENTLY, YOU CAUSED HIM TO MAKE A VERY AMUSING ERROR..."

HEY-- LOOK WHAT THAT KID MADE ME TYPE! INSTEAD OF SAYING MR. WILLIAM WRIGHTSTONE WAS REPAINTING HIS **BRIDGE**, I SAID HE WAS REPAINTING HIS **BRIDE!**

HA, HA... THAT'S RICH!



AS A RESULT OF THAT LITTLE SLIP, 25 PEOPLE WASTED THREE MINUTES EACH IN MEANINGLESS LAUGHTER! THAT'S WHAT LOSES TIME AND MONEY... THAT'S WHAT AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT PREVENTS! FROM NOW ON, NO READING WHILE ON THE JOB!

Y-YESSIR!



AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE GIVEN MR. COLDSTONE A FREE HAND! HE'S BOSS-- AND YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM! EVEN I WILL!

BRRR... I DON'T THINK I LIKE OUR NEW BOSS, CLARK!

OH, GIVE HIM A CHANCE, LOIS... LET'S WAIT AND SEE WHAT HE'S LIKE!

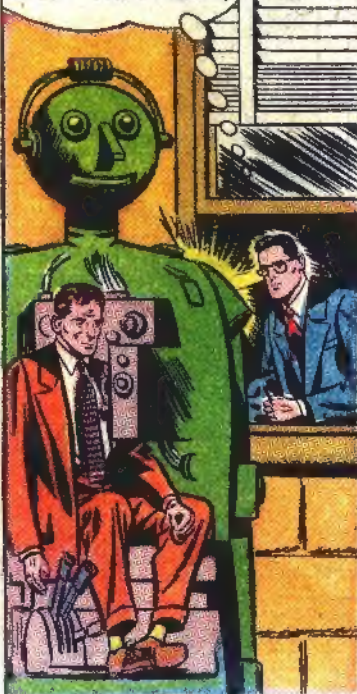


REPORTER CLARK KENT WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT--FOR THAT SAME AFTERNOON, AS HE WORKS AT HIS DESK...

HA-HA... VERY FUNNY--ADVERTISING A GIANT SALE WITH A GIANT ROBOT! WONDER HOW THAT THING WORKS?...I'LL FIND OUT WITH MY X-RAY VISION!



GREAT SCOTT! THE MAN OPERATING THAT ROBOT...HE'S LEANING AGAINST THE TINY AIR VENTS AND SHUTTING OFF HIS OWN AIR SUPPLY! IF HE FALLS ASLEEP, THAT METAL MONSTER WILL CAUSE UNTOLD DAMAGE! MUST SWITCH TO SUPERMAN AND GET RIGHT OVER THERE!



BUT AS CLARK DARTS INTO A CLOSET TO CHANGE TO HIS COSTUME...

OH, OH...THE DOOR--SOMEONE COMING IN! BETTER SWITCH BACK AT ONCE!



AND JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE BROOM CLOSET, MR. KENT?

MR. COLDSTONE! WHY--ER-- I SPILLED SOME PAPERS ON THE FLOOR AND, ER...WANTED TO SWEEP THEM UP!



YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SCOOP NEWS--NOT TRASH, MR. KENT! THE SWEEPING WOMAN EARNS LESS THAN YOU BECAUSE YOUR TIME IS MORE VALUABLE--BUT ONLY AS A REPORTER! UNDERSTAND?

Y-YES SIR!



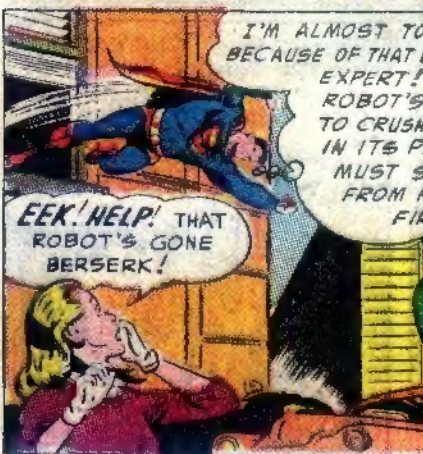
I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE ELSEWHERE--SEE THAT HE DOESN'T FOLLOW ME OUT! HMM...RUNNING MY THUMB OVER THIS CATCH AT SUPER-SPEED SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



NO ONE COMING NOW--SO I CAN CHANGE RIGHT HERE! THE HEAT CAUSED BY THE FRICTION OF MY THUMB MADE THAT CATCH EXPAND SO THAT THE DOOR CAN'T OPEN! IN A FEW MINUTES, IT'LL COOL AND RETURN TO NATURAL SIZE!



NEXT MOMENT, AS SUPERMAN RACES TO THE RESCUE...



THIS'LL PROVIDE ENOUGH VENTILATION TO REVIVE HIM! MUST GET BACK TO THE PLANET BUILDING NOW--AS CLARK KENT--AND PAY A QUICK VISIT TO THE JANITOR!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, BACK AT THE BROOM CLOSET...



SO THE DAYS PASS SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, AS SPLIT-SECOND EFFICIENCY COMES TO THE DAILY PLANET...

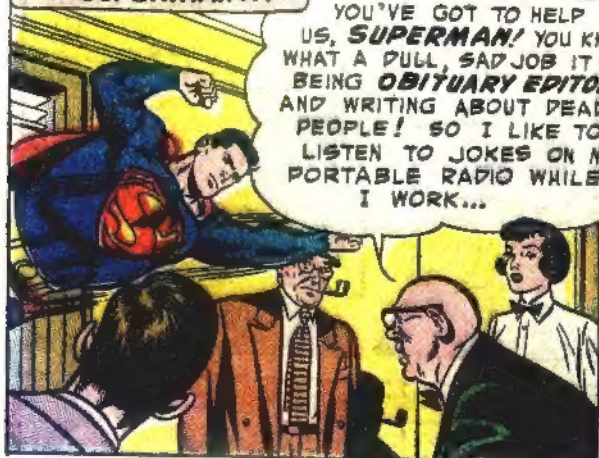


HMPH! WHY COULDN'T YOU DO THAT, KENT?

WHY--ER--I FIGURED I GET PAID MORE THAN THE JANITOR, SO I CALLED HIM JUST LIKE YOU--ER--SAID YOURSELF, MR. COLDSTONE!

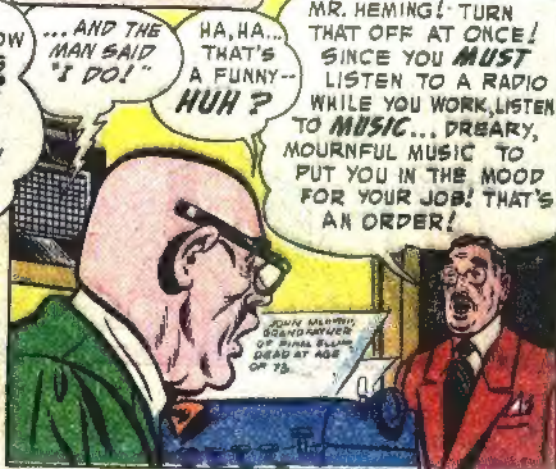
IT'S EVEN WORSE IN MY CASE! WITH HIM CHECKING EVERY MOVE, IT'S PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO DO MY JOB AS SUPERMAN EFFICIENTLY!

GLOOM SPREADS THROUGH EVERY CORNER OF THE BUILDING--TILL FINALLY, A CALL GOES OUT FOR **SUPERMAN**...



YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US, **SUPERMAN**! YOU KNOW WHAT A PULL, SAD JOB IT IS BEING **OBITUARY EDITOR** AND WRITING ABOUT DEAD PEOPLE! SO I LIKE TO LISTEN TO JOKES ON MY PORTABLE RADIO WHILE I WORK...

"BUT ONE DAY, HE COMES IN-- AND WHEN HE HEARS IT..."



... AND THE MAN SAID "I DO!"

HA, HA... THAT'S A FUNNY-- HUH?

MR. HEMING! TURN THAT OFF AT ONCE! SINCE YOU **MUST** LISTEN TO A RADIO WHILE YOU WORK, LISTEN TO **MUSIC**... DREARY, MOURNFUL MUSIC TO PUT YOU IN THE MOOD FOR YOUR JOB! THAT'S AN ORDER!

JOHN HEMING, OBITUARY EDITOR OF **STARS & STRIPS** DEAD AT AGE 75

SAD WORK-- SAD MUSIC...NOW I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT SADNESS! LOOK AT ME... MY FACE EVEN SCARES MY OWN KIDS WHEN I COME HOME!

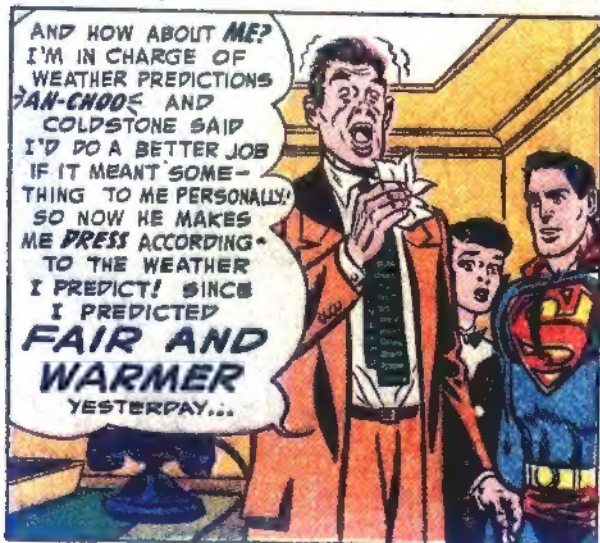
THAT'S **NOTHING**... WHAT ABOUT **ME**? I'M IN CHARGE OF THE PAPER'S **LOST AND FOUND** COLUMN! WAITING FOR CALLS, I HAVE LOTS OF SPARE TIME...



... SO I DAYDREAM ABOUT HUNTING AND FISHING! **COLDSTONE** FOUND OUT AND MADE ME WRITE A DAILY **HUNTING AND FISHING** COLUMN IN ADDITION TO MY REGULAR WORK! NOW I DON'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO EAT LUNCH-- AND I'M BEGINNING TO **HATE** HUNTING AND FISHING!



AND HOW ABOUT **ME**? I'M IN CHARGE OF WEATHER PREDICTIONS **AN-CHOO** AND **COLDSTONE** SAID I'D DO A BETTER JOB IF IT MEANT SOMETHING TO ME PERSONALLY! SO NOW HE MAKES ME **DRESS** ACCORDING TO THE WEATHER I PREDICT! SINCE I PREDICTED **FAIR AND WARMER** YESTERDAY...



... I HAD TO WEAR MY SUMMER SUIT TODAY! IT SNOWED INSTEAD TODAY **AN-CHOO** SO DOES THAT MEAN I HAVE TO CATCH A COLD, JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T ALWAYS BE PERFECT?

GOSH--I WISH I COULD HELP YOU ALL... BUT WHAT CAN I DO?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT! THE OTHER DAY, I HEARD COLDSTONE BRAG HE COULD MAKE **ANYONE** MORE EFFICIENT--OR QUIT! HOW ABOUT YOU TAKING HIM UP ON THAT BOAST?

HMM...NOT A BAD IDEA-- IF HE'S WILLING!



AND UPON ISSUING THE CHALLENGE TO MR. COLDSTONE...

CERTAINLY! I'M **SURE** I CAN MAKE YOU MORE EFFICIENT, **SUPERMAN!** IF I DON'T, I'LL RESIGN!

AND IF YOU SUCCEED **UGH!** WE'LL TAKE ALL YOUR SUGGESTIONS WITHOUT A WORD OF COMPLAINT!

WAIT A SECOND!



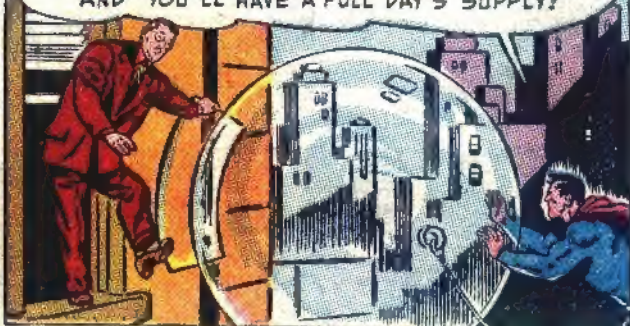
NO INTERFERENCE, PLEASE, MR. WHITE! REMEMBER-- I'M BOSS! I WANT TO PROVE TO THESE MEN THAT MY METHODS ARE PERFECT! I'M READY WHENEVER YOU ARE, **SUPERMAN!**

GOOD...I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU IN A MOMENT!



PRESENTLY, OUTSIDE...

I CAN **CARRY** YOU WITH ME WHEREVER WE GO-- BUT YOU CAN **TRAIL** AFTER ME IN THIS SUPER-STRONG PLASTIC BUBBLE I MADE! I'LL FILL IT WITH COMPRESSED AIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A FULL DAY'S SUPPLY!



SO, A STRANGE SIGHT SOON APPEARS OVER THE TOWERING ROOFS OF METROPOLIS...

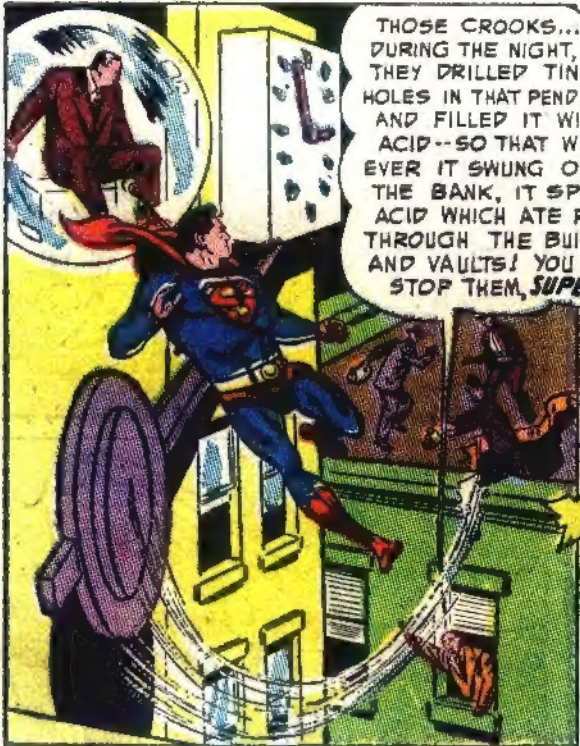


HEY-- LOOK! **SUPERMAN'S** TAKING HITCH-HIKERS!

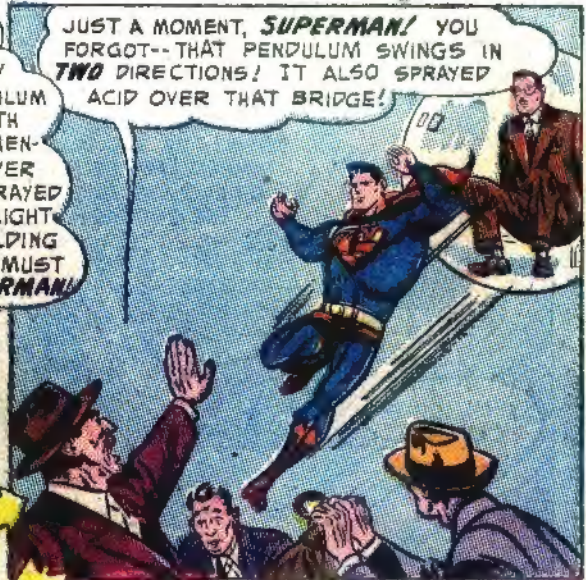
AND NOT LONG AFTERWARD, THE **MAN OF STEEL** COMES UPON HIS FIRST TASK OF THE DAY...

HMM... LOOKS LIKE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT NEAR THE HUGE CLOCK ERECTED BY THE **BALSAM WATCHWORKS** TO COMMEMORATE THEIR 100TH ANNIVERSARY!





THOSE CROOKS... DURING THE NIGHT, THEY DRILLED TINY HOLES IN THAT PENDULUM AND FILLED IT WITH ACID--SO THAT WHENEVER IT SWUNG OVER THE BANK, IT SPRAYED ACID WHICH ATE RIGHT THROUGH THE BUILDING AND VAULTS! YOU MUST STOP THEM, **SUPERMAN!**



JUST A MOMENT, **SUPERMAN!** YOU FORGOT--THAT PENDULUM SWINGS IN **TWO DIRECTIONS!** IT ALSO SPRAYED ACID OVER THAT BRIDGE!



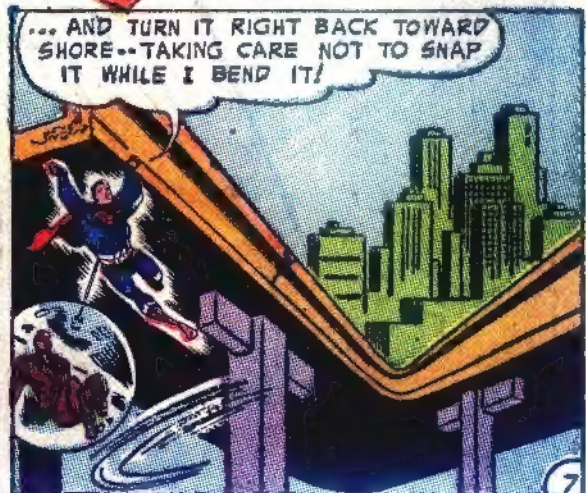
... WHICH MAY COLLAPSE ANY SECOND!

HMM... THEY PLANNED IT THIS WAY, IN CASE I SHOWED UP! STILL, I'LL HAVE TO RISK THEIR ESCAPING, AND ATTEND TO THE BRIDGE FIRST!

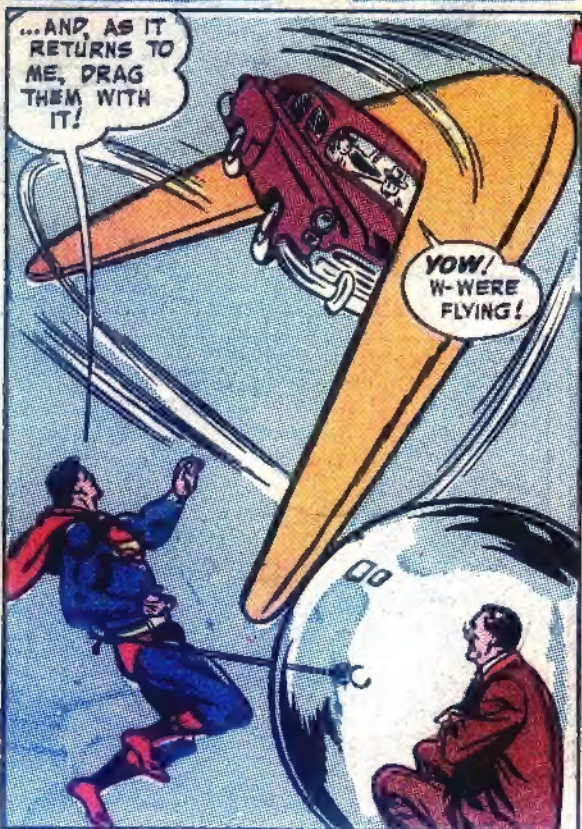
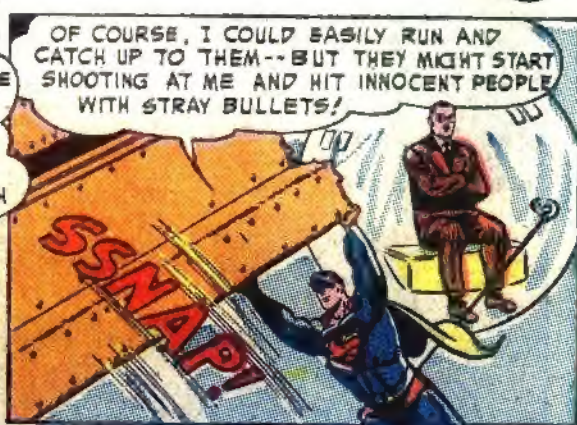
NATURALLY... AND I'VE ALREADY DEDUCED THE MOST EFFICIENT WAY OF DOING IT!



HERE'S WHERE THE ACID'S EATEN THROUGH--SO I'LL JUST PULL IT AWAY AT THIS POINT...

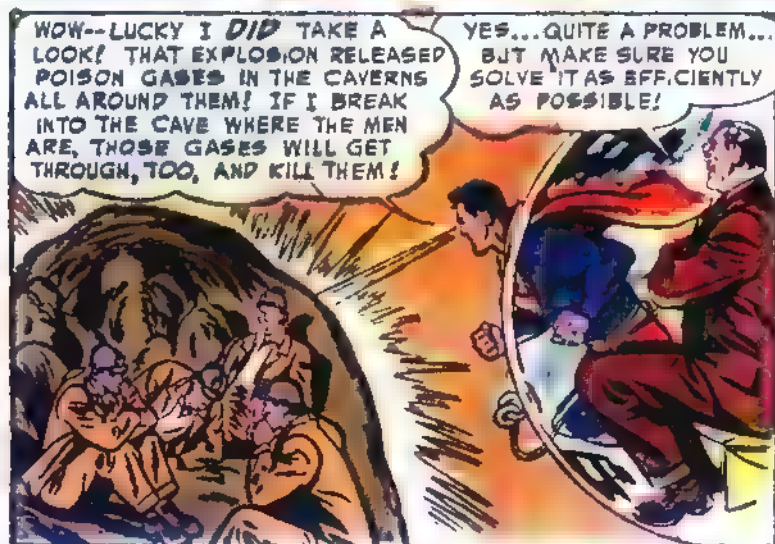
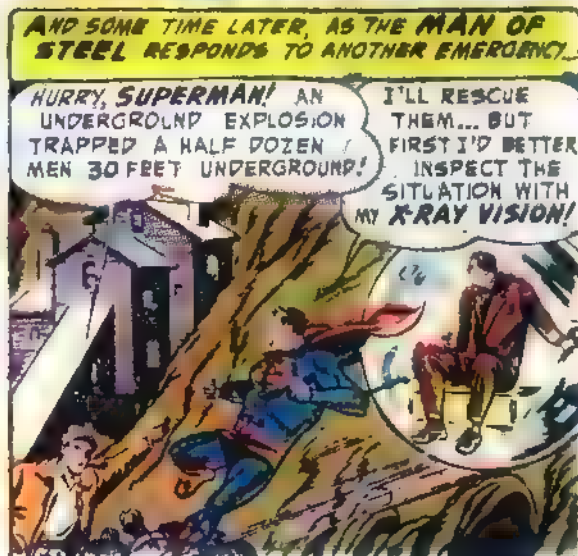
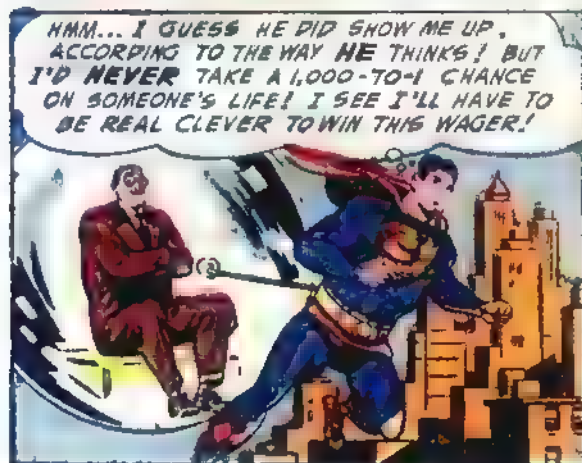
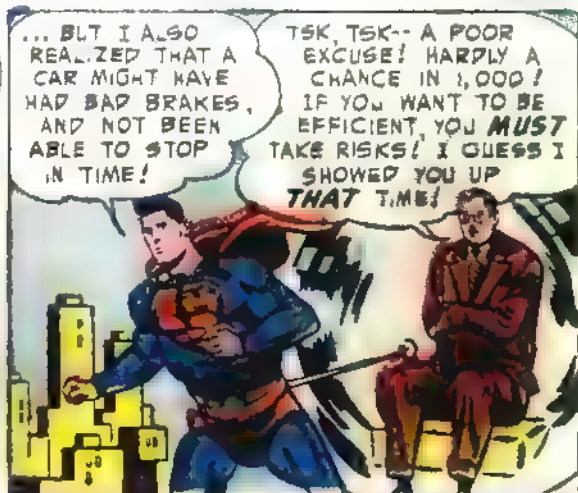


... AND TURN IT RIGHT BACK TOWARD SHORE--TAKING CARE NOT TO SNAP IT WHILE I BEND IT!



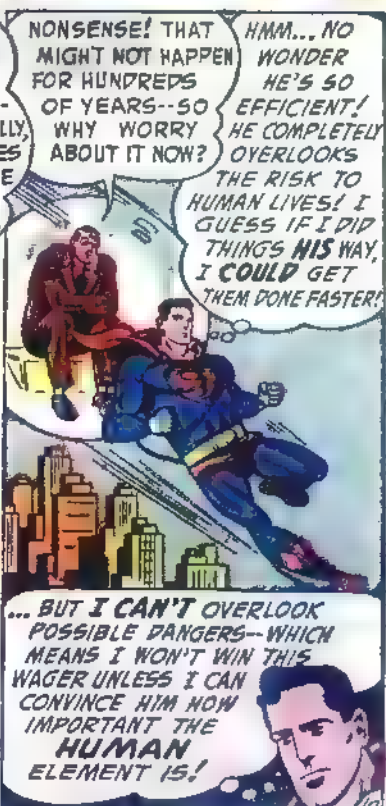
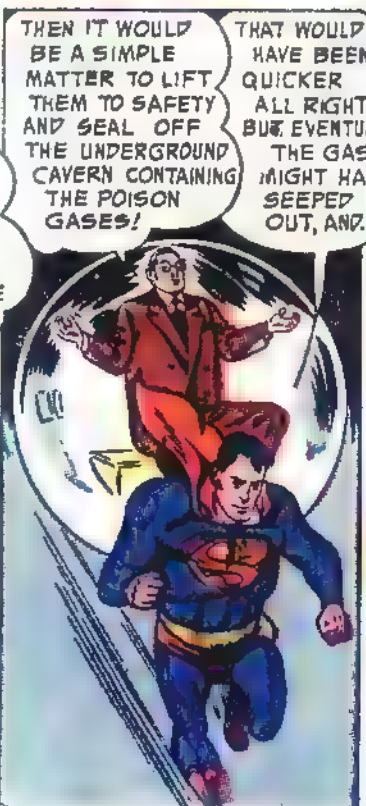
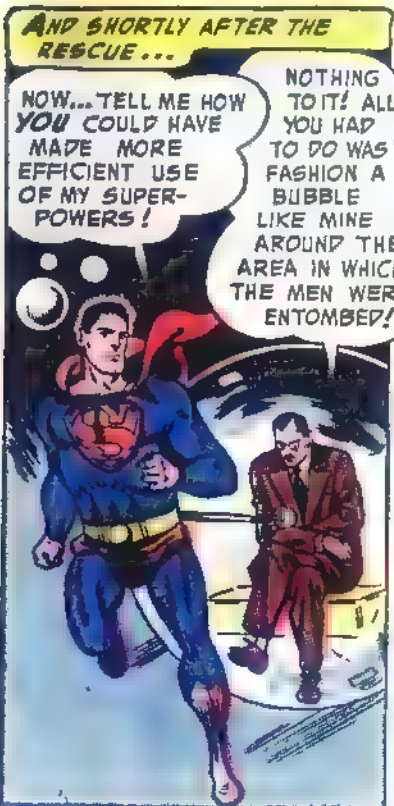


ACTION COMICS





ACTION COMICS



TIME PASSES-- AND ONCE AGAIN, **SUPERMAN** RESPONDS TO THE CALL OF MEN IN DISTRESS-- THIS TIME, FAR OUT TO SEA...

LUCKY OUR RADIO CALL REACHES YOU, **SUPERMAN!** WE'RE ENGAGED IN IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT SALVAGE WORK AND HAD TO STOP BECAUSE OF A DANGEROUS GIANT SQUID BELOW!

IN THAT CASE, I'LL HAVE TO PAY HIM A LITTLE VISIT! LET'S GO, MR. COLDSTONE!

WITHIN SECONDS, AN UNDER-SEA DEMON GETS THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE...

ONE GOOD SQUEEZE DESERVES ANOTHER! A LITTLE MORE OF THIS, AND YOU'LL BE TAME AS A LAMB, MY EIGHT-ARMED FRIEND!

HOW TO TAKE YOU TO A FARAWAY SPOT WHERE THERE ARE NO PEOPLE, AND THIS JOB WILL BE COMPLETED!

HMPH! IF I WERE **SUPERMAN**, I WOULD HAVE BEEN FINISHED BY NOW!



IF YOU HAD **KILLED** THE SQUID, ALL THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN UNNECESSARY! I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO AGREE-- WHATEVER JOB YOU DID, I FOUND A WAY TO DO IT IN HALF THE TIME!

BUT THE SQUID HAS A RIGHT TO LIVE! IT ISN'T **HIS** FAULT THAT... OH-- WHAT'S THE USE ARGUING? YOU ONLY LOOK AT THINGS ONE WAY!

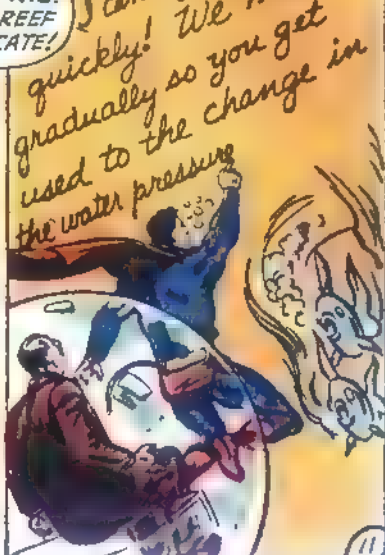
THEN, AS **SUPERMAN** DELIVERS THE SQUID TO A CAVE THOUSANDS OF FATHOMS DEEP...

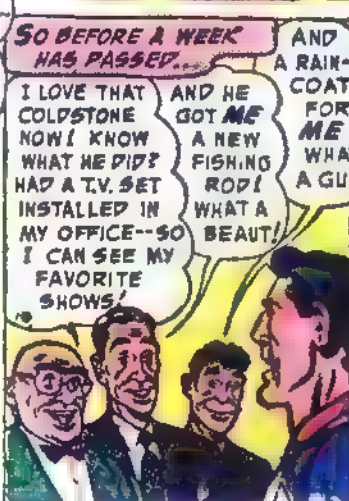
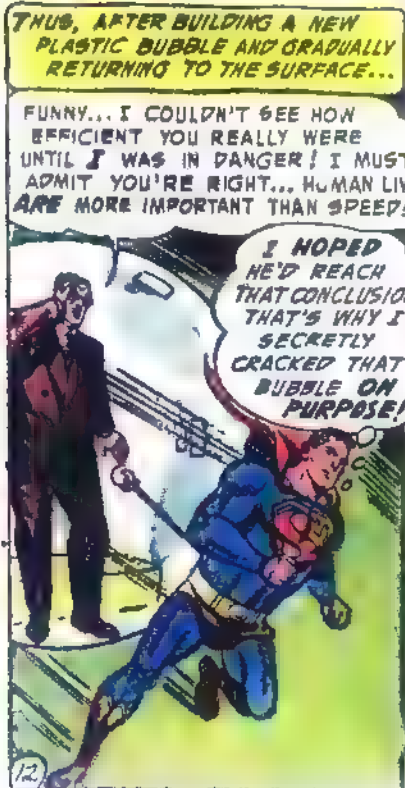
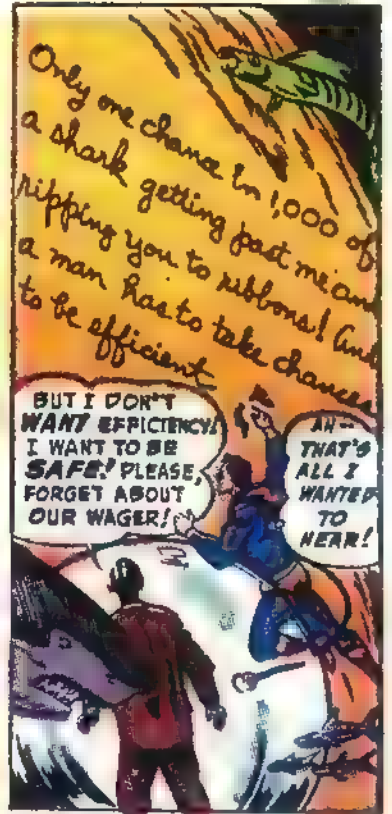
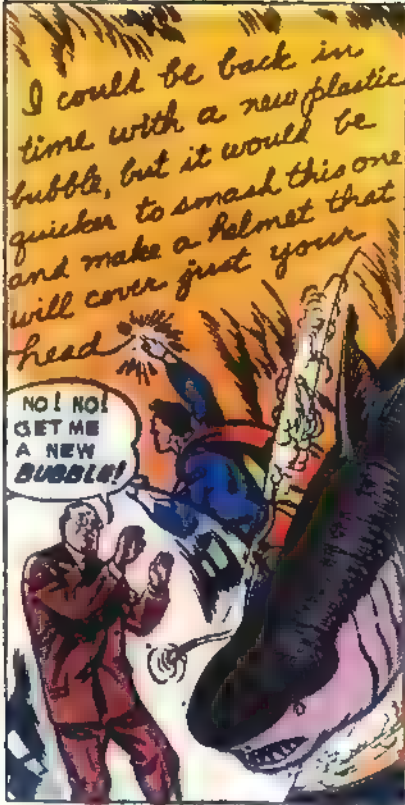
LOOK! A CRACK IN THIS PLASTIC BUBBLE! MORE OF YOUR INEFFICIENCY! YOU SAID IT WAS UNBREAKABLE!

I CAN HEAR HIM, WITH MY **SUPER-HEARING**, BUT UNDER-WATER, HE CAN'T HEAR ME. I'LL USE THIS REEF TO COMMUNICATE!

THIS ROCK IS HARD--BUT MY FINGERTIP IS LOTS HARDER, AND MAKES AN EFFICIENT PEN!

This is dangerous! I can't get you up quickly! We must rise gradually so you get used to the change in the water pressure.







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TOMAHAWK

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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

CONGO BILL

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS"--YES, EVEN IN THE JUNGLE! BUT WHEN CONGO BILL MUST INTERRUPT AN IMPORTANT INVESTIGATION BECAUSE OF SOME MISCHIEF-MAKERS, HE SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE AND SINISTER SITUATION FOLLOWING AN UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH THE...

"BAD BOYS OF THE JUNGLE!"

CONGO BILL, WE'LL NEVER CATCH THOSE CROOKS IF YOU KEEP ON PLAYING NURSEMAID TO THOSE KIDS!



ONE DAY, IN CENTRAL AFRICA CONGO BILL, ON HIS WAY TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT, PAUSES TO SEE HIS YOUNG FRIEND, JANU...

CAN'T STAY MORE THAN A MINUTE, JOHNNY! I MUST LEAVE ON A CASE AT ONCE!

PLEASE TAKE ME ALONG!

UNABLE TO RESIST THE BOY'S PLEAS, THEY START OUT...

I--ER--KNOW I ASK TO CALL ME JOHNNY! BUT MY PAPA--HE USED TO CALL ME JARU! WOULD YOU CALL ME JANU, TOO?

ANYTHING YOU SAY, PAL! JANU, IT IS!

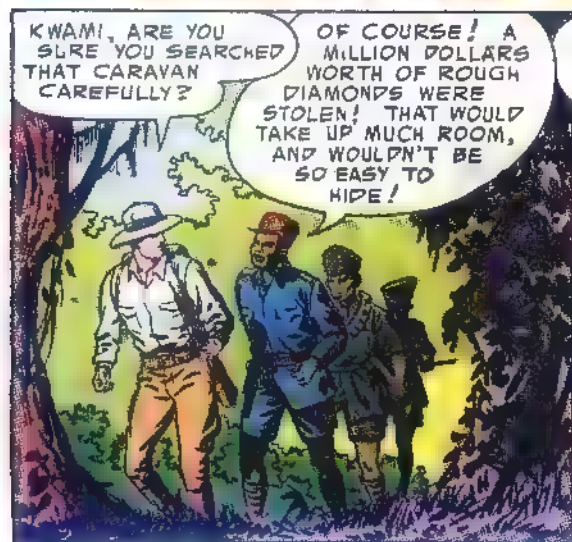
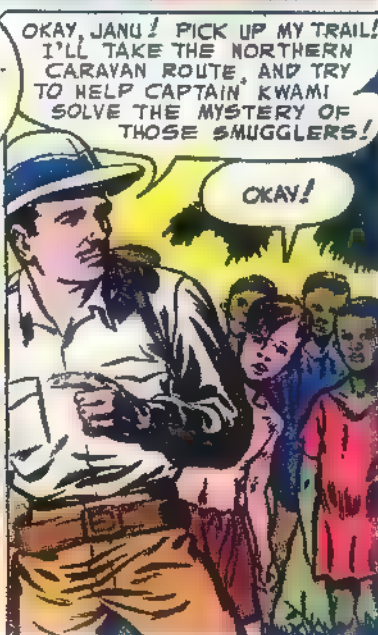
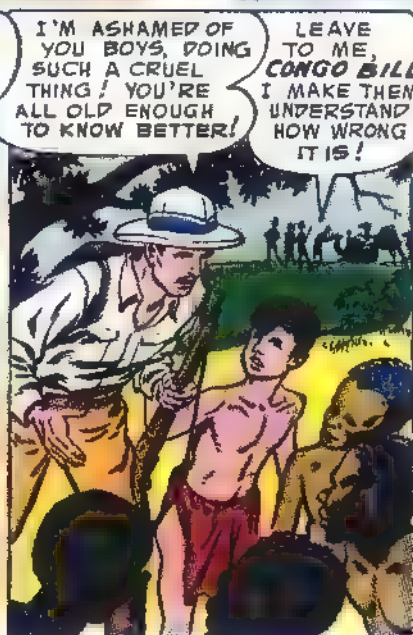
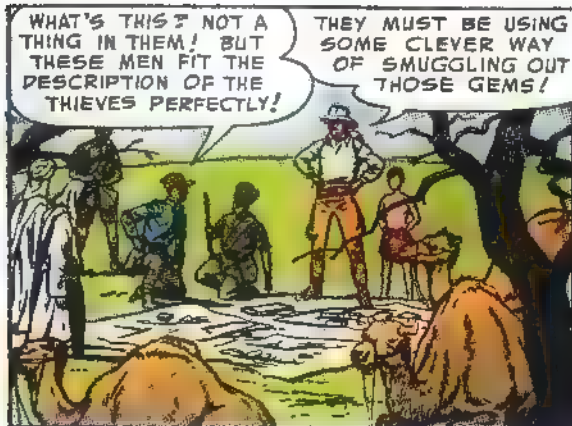


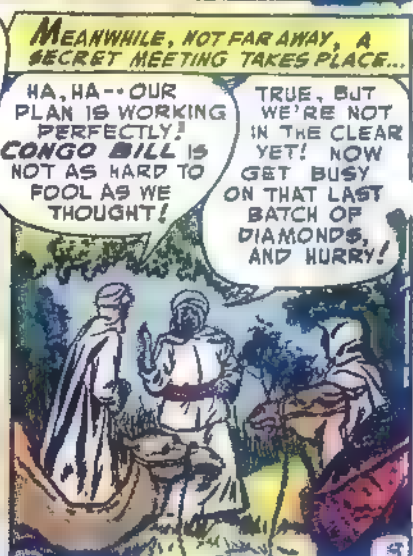
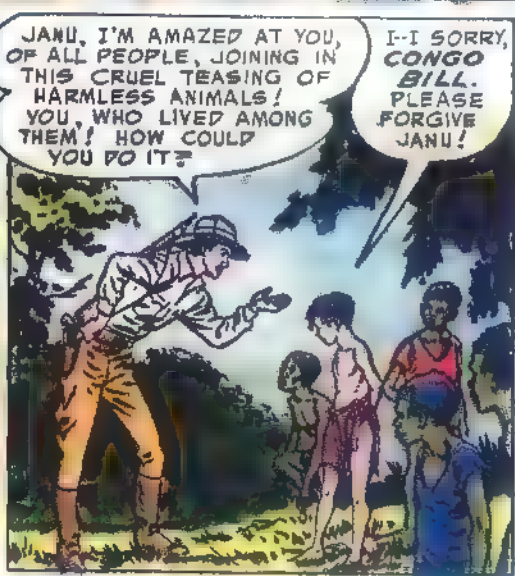
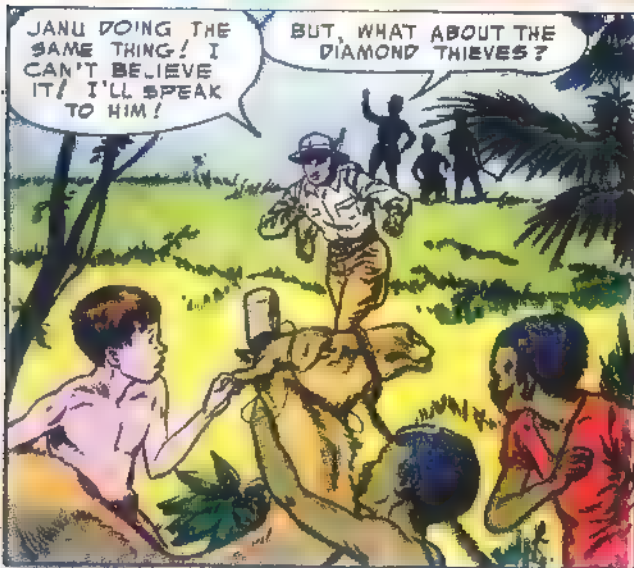
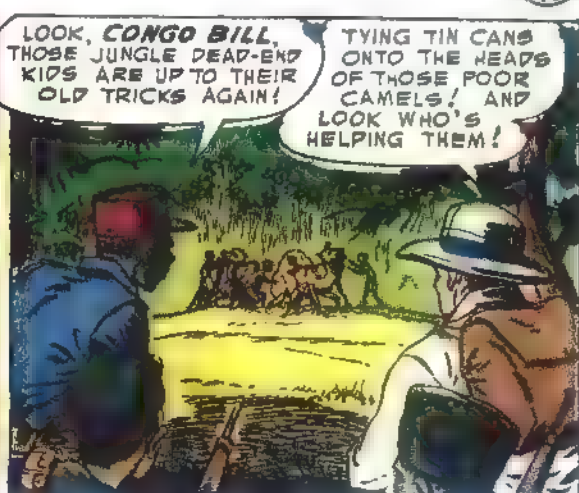
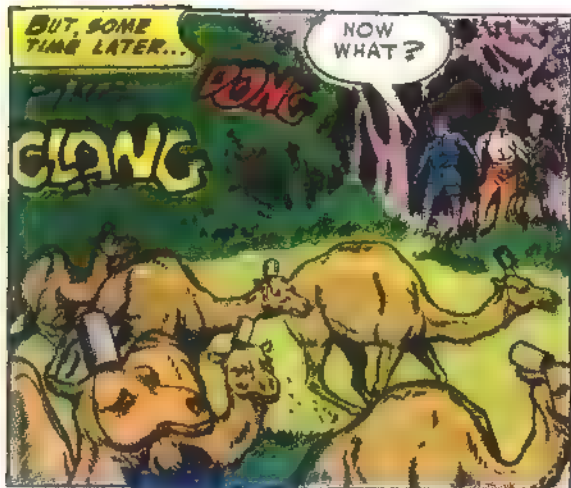
WEEKS LATER, THE PAIR FINALLY REACHES THE RENDEZVOUS...

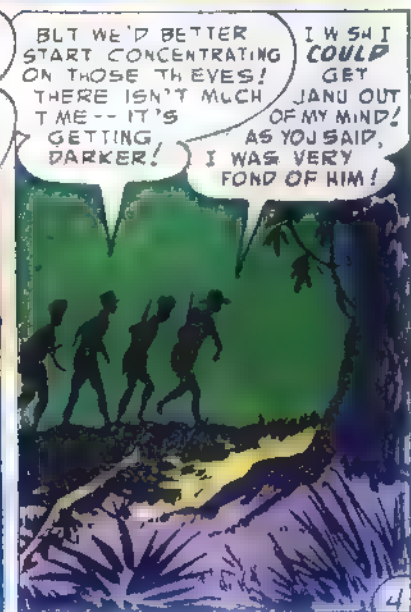
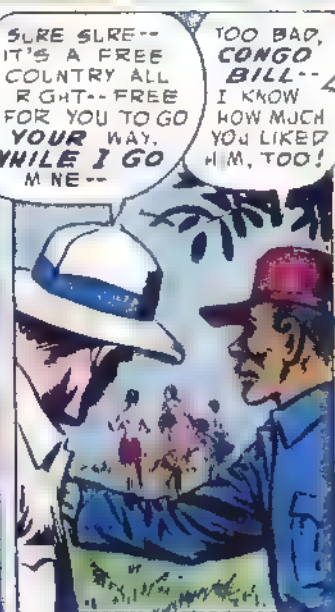
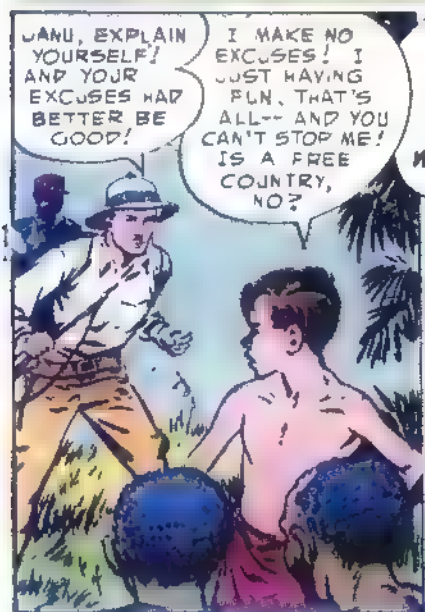
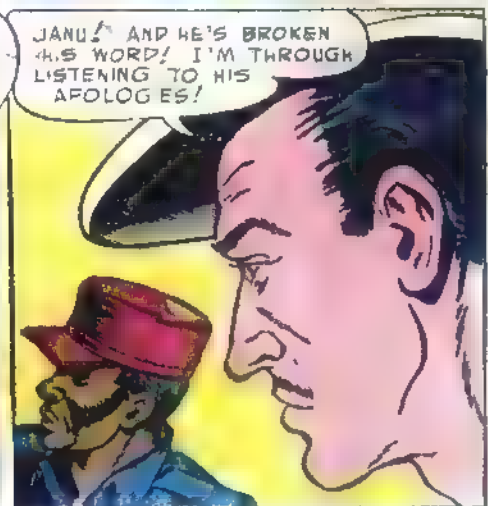
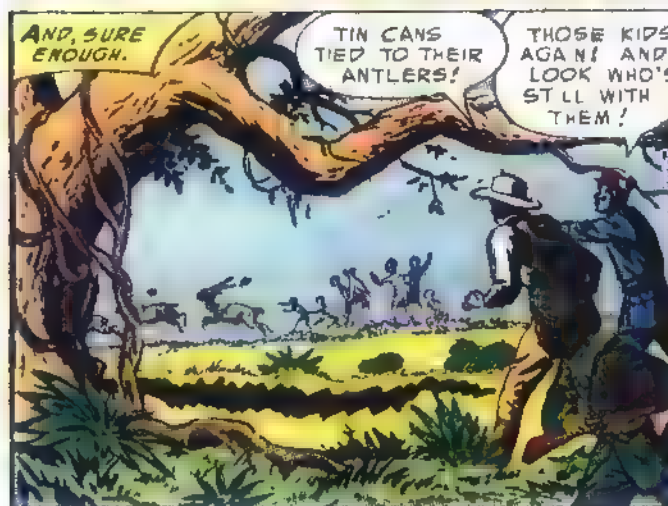
CAPTAIN KWAMI, I SEE YOU'VE ALREADY CAUGHT UP WITH YOUR DIAMOND THIEVES!

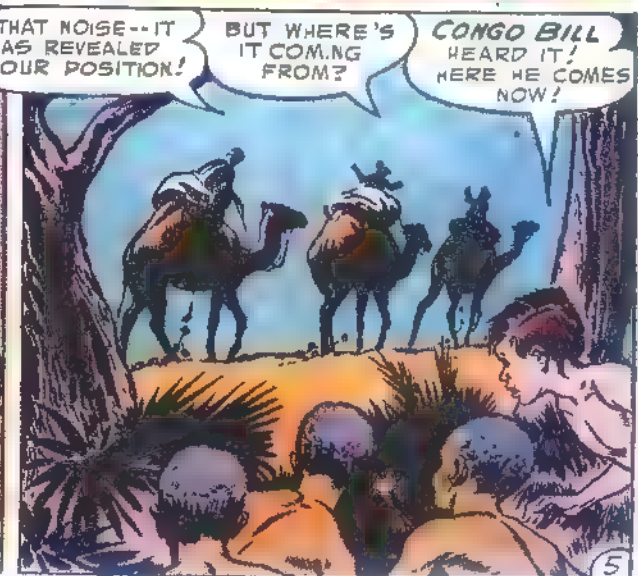
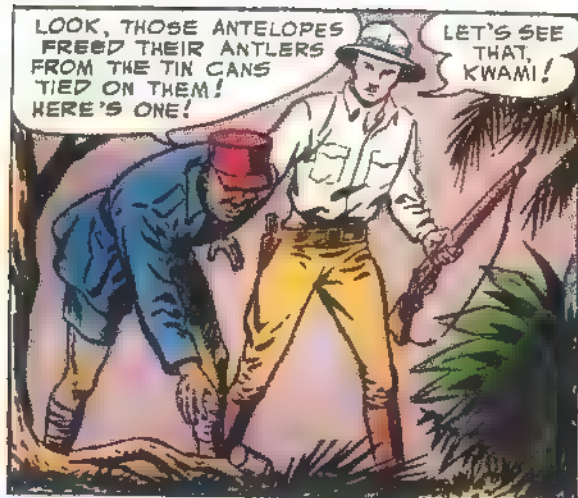
SORRY YOU HAD TO COME THIS FAR FOR NOTHING! I'M GOING TO SEARCH THEIR PACKS NOW!

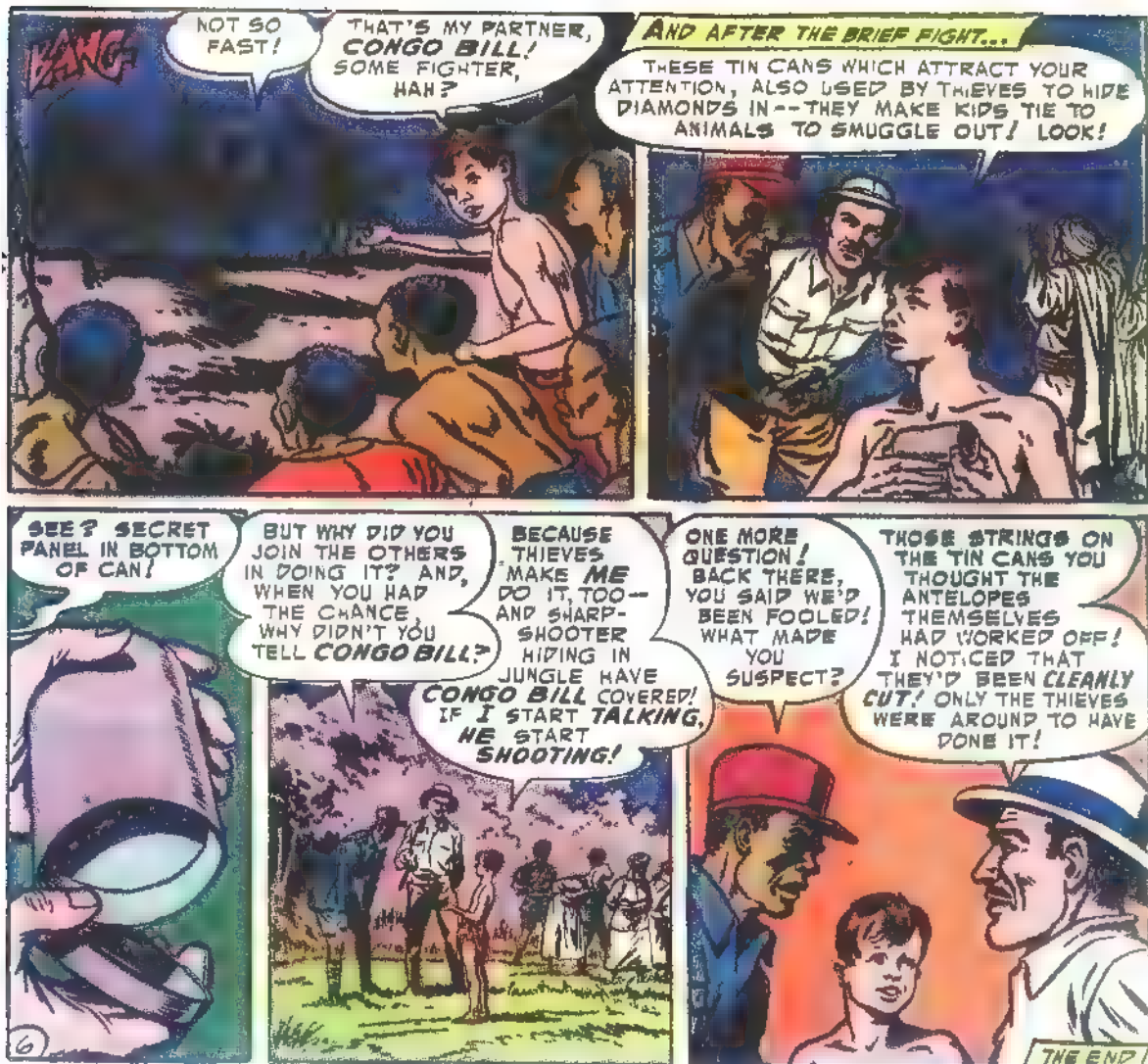












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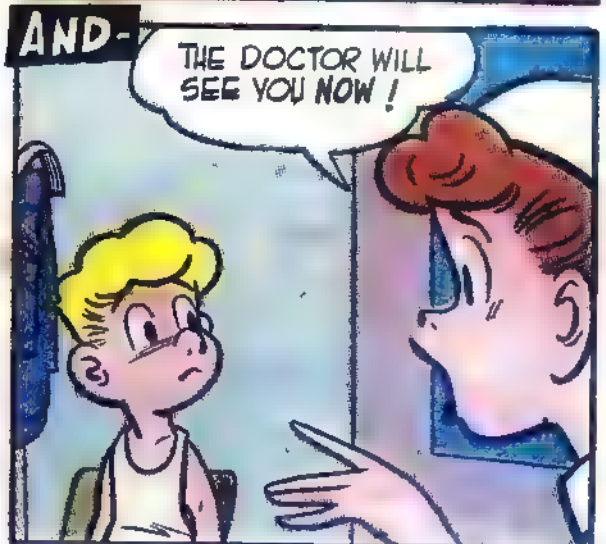
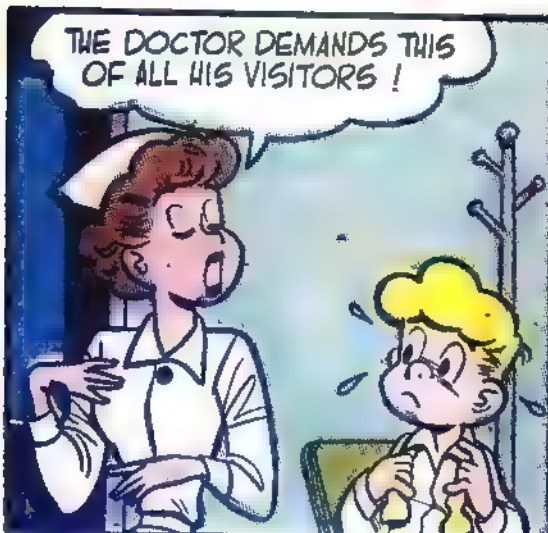
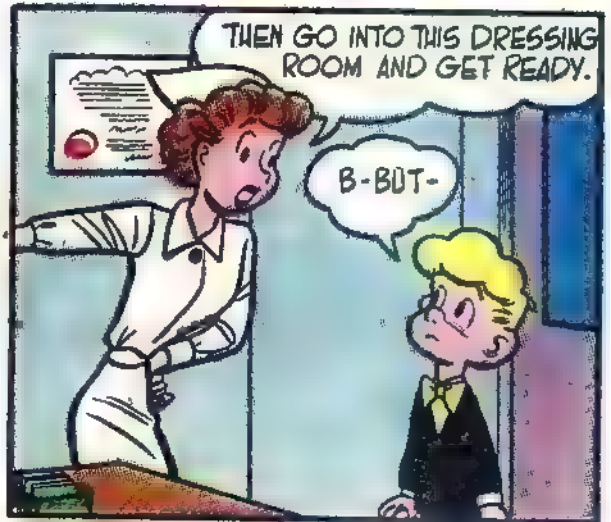
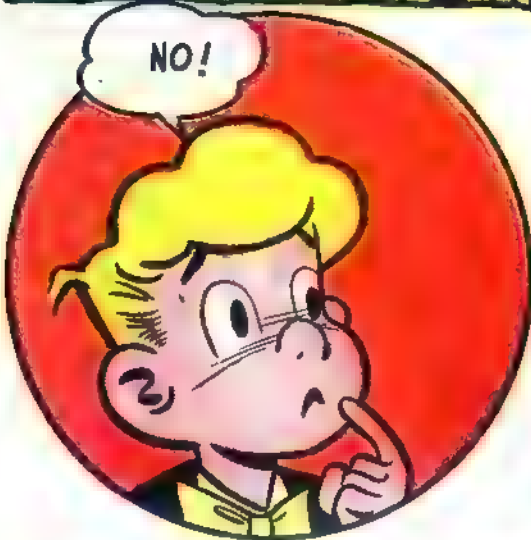
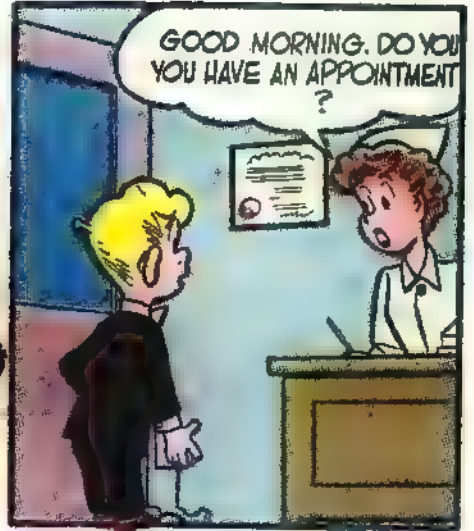
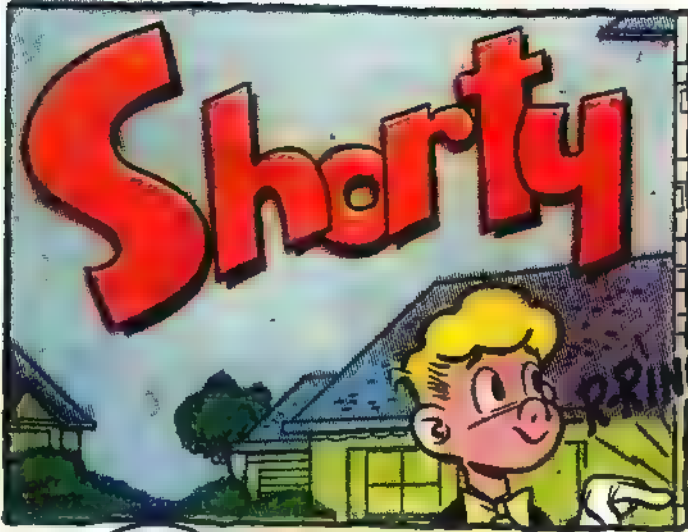
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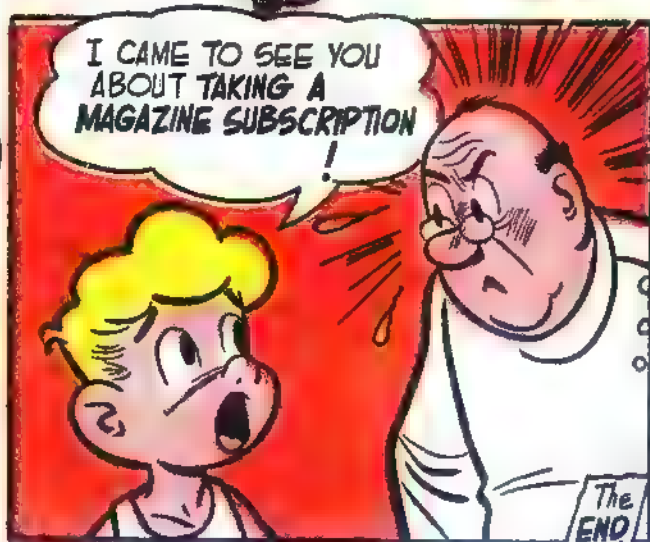
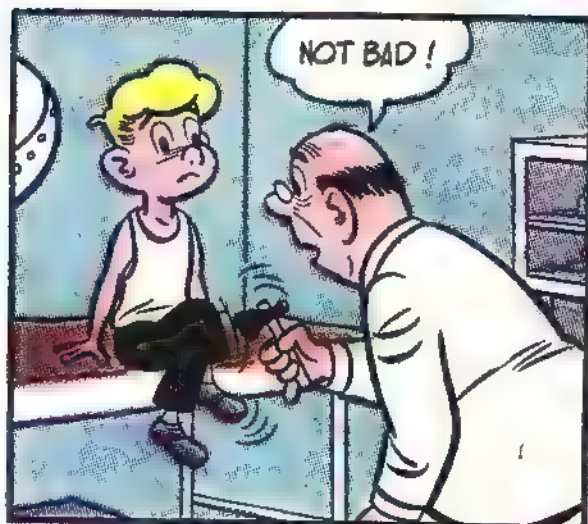
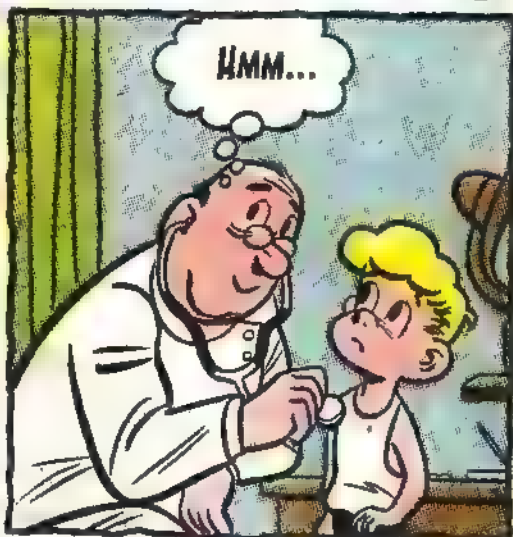
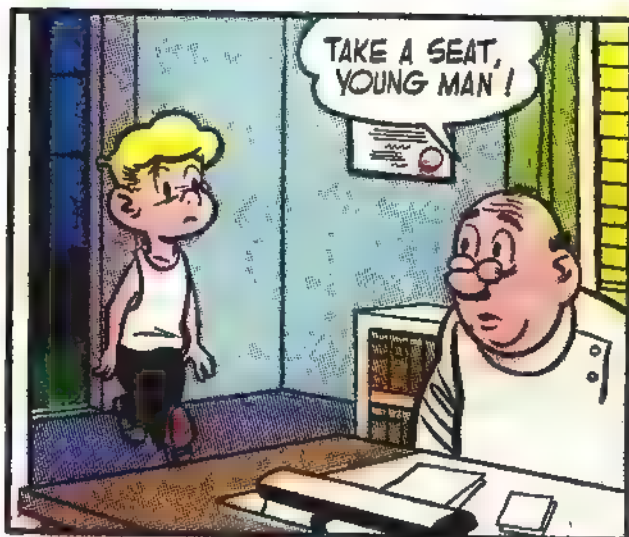


ACTION COMICS

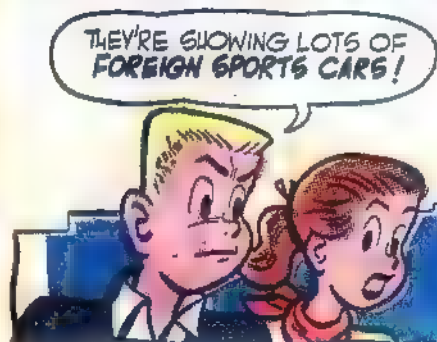
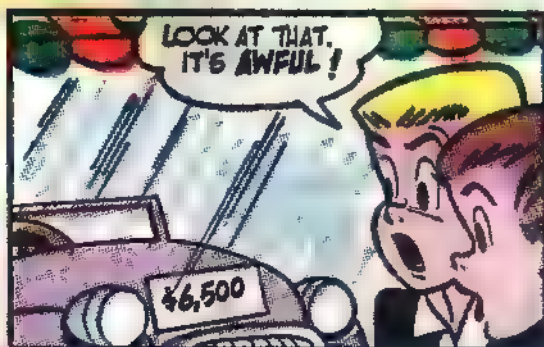
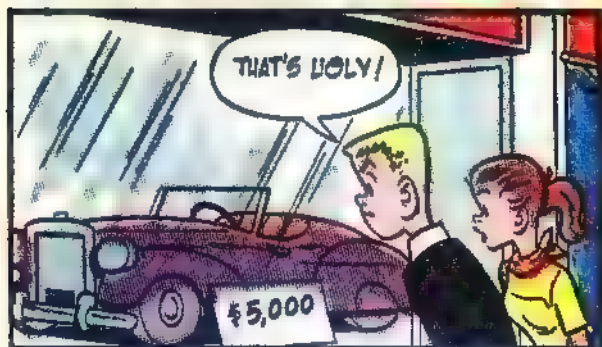
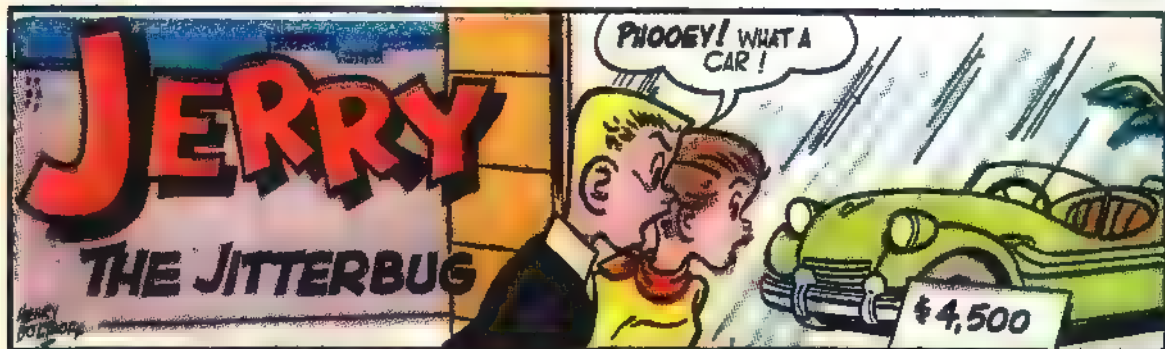




ACTION COMICS



The
END



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

BRX ZLOO QHYHU ILQG
WLPH WR GR WKH WKL
QJV BRX UHDOOB ZDQW.
LI BRX ZDQW WKH WL
PH, BRX PXVW PDNH
LW.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

MAY

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME AGE

STREET ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE



Tommy TOMORROW

TWO MOONS
ABOVE, SMILE
ON OUR LOVE

SIGH
HE'S
WONDERFUL!

BUT IF MY
VOICE FAILS,
THIS CITY IS
DOOMED!

IT'S A FARCRY FROM THE TOUGH, DANGEROUS JOB OF A PLANETEER, WHO KEEPS THE LAW OF SPACE, TO THE LIFE OF A MATINEE IDOL! BUT WHEN A STRANGE AND SINISTER SCIENTIFIC SECRET MENACES THE WORLDS OF TOMORROW, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW CAN ONLY COMBAT IT BY BECOMING THAT NEW IDOL OF THE NINE PLANETS, KNOWN AS...

THE SINGING SPACEMAN!

ONE MORNING, AS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS PATROLS THE SPACE LANES...

RAHL KAR ON
ASTEROID ZIG--
CALLING FOR
HELP!
BANDITS
ATTACKING
ME!

RAHL KAR, THE
FAMOUS JOVIAN
SCIENTIST!
MUST GET TO HIS
ASTEROID AT
ONCE!

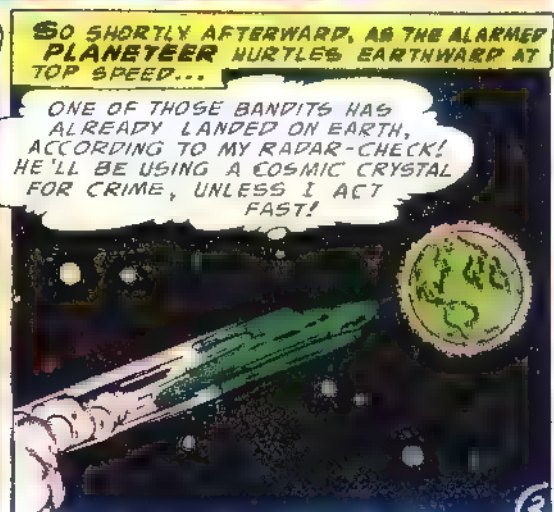
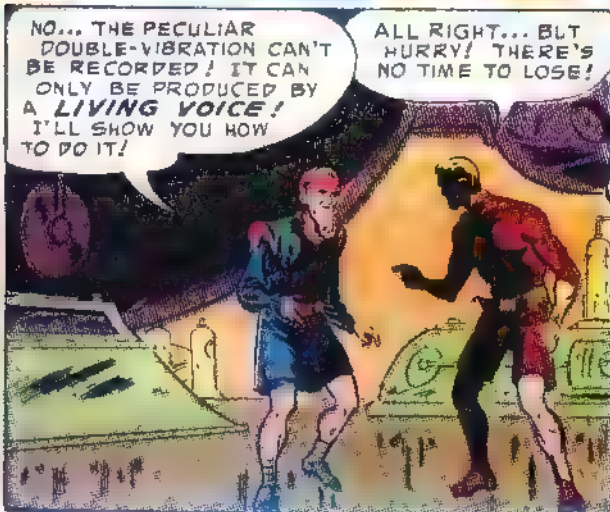
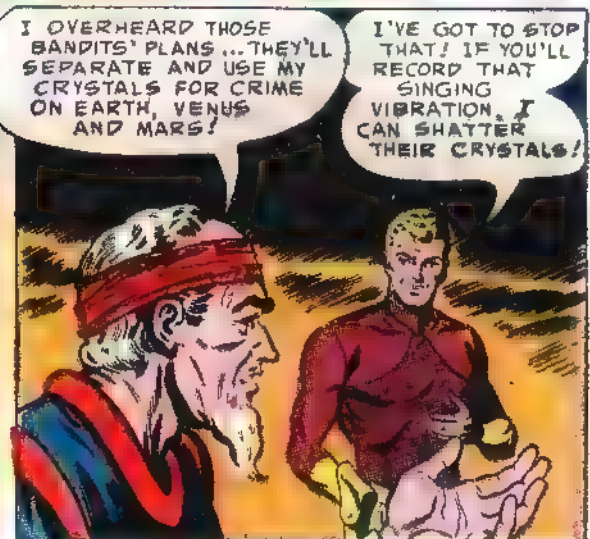
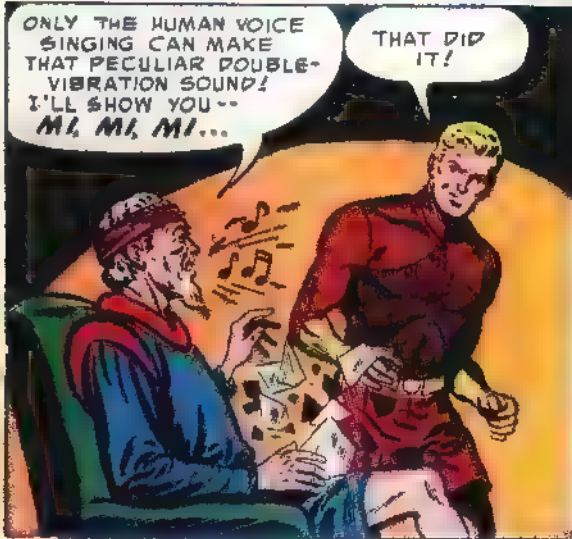
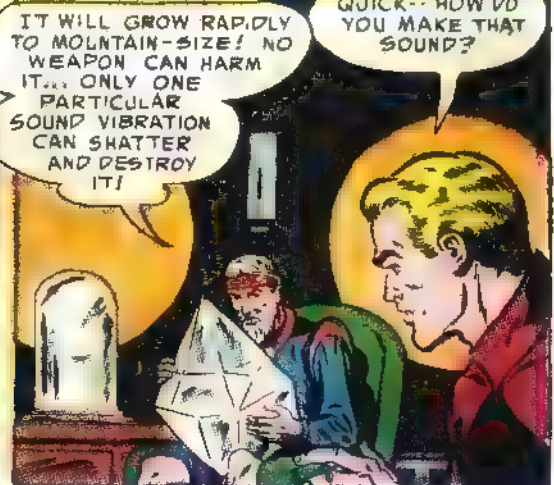
BUT BY THE TIME TOMMY'S SWIFT SHIP, THE SPACE ACE, REACHES ITS DESTINATION...

THEY'VE GONE -- IT WAS THE
TRI-PLANET BANDITS -- AND
THEY STOLE NEARLY ALL OF MY
COSMIC CRYSTALS! WITH
THOSE OBJECTS, THEY CAN
WREAK HAVOC!

WHAT'S A
COSMIC
CRYSTAL,
RAHL KAR?

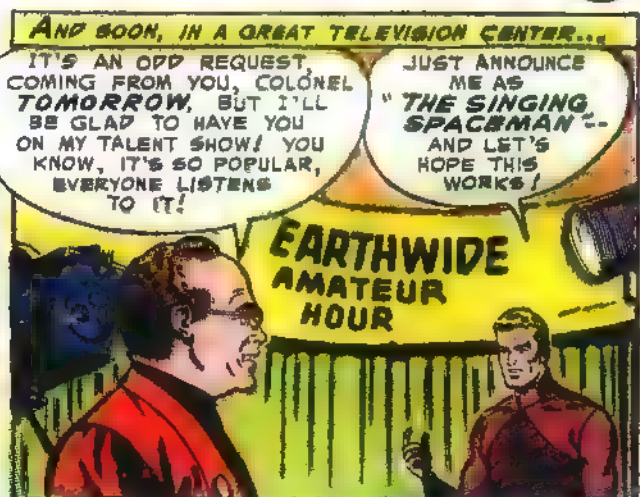
TOMMY LEARNS THE ANSWER INSIDE THE SCIENTIST'S FABULOUS LABORATORY...

AND AS RAHL KAR REMOVES THE CRYSTAL FROM ITS CASE...





I CAN'T SEARCH THE ENTIRE PLANET... THERE ISN'T TIME, UNLESS--
HMM... I THINK I KNOW JUST HOW TO REACH THAT CRYSTAL WITH MY VOICE!



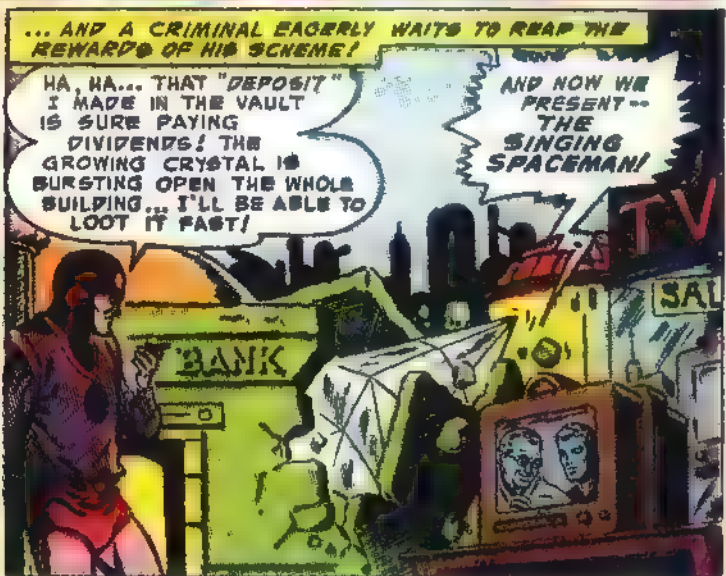
AND SOON, IN A GREAT TELEVISION CENTER...
IT'S AN ODD REQUEST, COMING FROM YOU, COLONEL TOMORROW, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU ON MY TALENT SHOW! YOU KNOW, IT'S SO POPULAR, EVERYONE LISTENS TO IT!

JUST ANNOUNCE ME AS "THE SINGING SPACEMAN"-- AND LET'S HOPE THIS WORKS!

EARTHWIDE AMATEUR HOUR



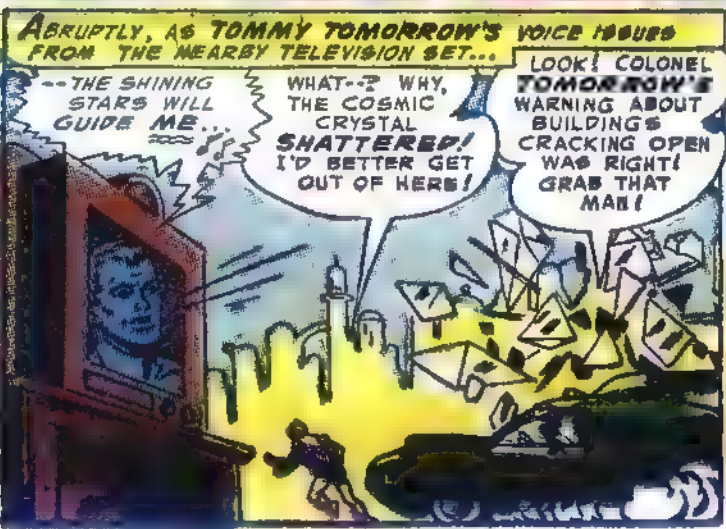
IT HAD BETTER! FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, INSIDE A GREAT BANK VAULT MANY MILES AWAY, A SECRET DANGER THREATENS...



... AND A CRIMINAL EAGERLY WAITS TO REAP THE REWARDS OF HIS SCHEME!

HA, HA... THAT "DEPOSIT" I MADE IN THE VAULT IS SURE PAYING DIVIDENDS! THE GROWING CRYSTAL IS BURSTING OPEN THE WHOLE BUILDING... I'LL BE ABLE TO LOOT IT FAST!

AND NOW WE PRESENT-- THE SINGING SPACEMAN!



ABRUPTLY, AS TOMMY TOMORROW'S VOICE ISSUES FROM THE NEARBY TELEVISION SET...

--THE SHINING STARS WILL GUIDE ME--

WHAT--? WHY, THE COSMIC CRYSTAL SHATTERED! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

LOOK! COLONEL TOMORROW'S WARNING ABOUT BUILDINGS CRACKING OPEN WAS RIGHT! GRAB THAT MAN!



BUT TOMMY'S VIBRANT VOICE HAS HAD A SHATTERING EFFECT IN MORE THAN ONE WAY!

... ALONG THE WAY TO YOU!

SIGH! WHAT A CROONER!

HE'S SUPER!



ACTION COMICS



SO BY THE TIME HE EMERGES FROM THE STUDIO...

THERE HE IS... THE **SINGING SPACEMAN!** MAYBE WE CAN GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!

PLEASE-- SING FOR US AGAIN!

WOW! I DIDN'T THINK MY VOICE WAS **THAT GOOD!** CAN'T WASTE TIME HERE, THOUGH... MUST GET TO THE POLICE AT ONCE!



AND AFTER STRUGGLING HIS WAY THROUGH TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NICE GOING, COLONEL **TOMORROW!** YOU STOPPED THAT CRYSTAL FROM DESTROYING WHOLE BLOCKS, AND WE GOT THE CRIMINAL! HE SAYS HIS PALS WENT TO VENUS AND MARS!

VENUS IS NEAREST-- I'D BETTER GET THERE FIRST! AT LEAST I HAVE NO "FANS" THERE!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, TOMMY... BUT IN THE YEAR 2054, INTER-PLANETARY FAME SPREADS RAPIDLY!

OOOO-- THAT'S HIM!... THE GREAT NEW CROONER THE EARTH RADIO TOLD ABOUT!

WE WANT TO HEAR YOU, TOO!

EASY, LADIES! I'LL BE SINGING ON T.V. WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

AND SHATTERING SOME MORE CRYSTALS, I HOPE!



ONLY THIS TIME, THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEATEN TOMMY TO THE PUNCH...

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND, COLONEL **TOMORROW!** EVERY TELEVISION STATION HERE HAS BEEN SECRETLY SABOTAGED!

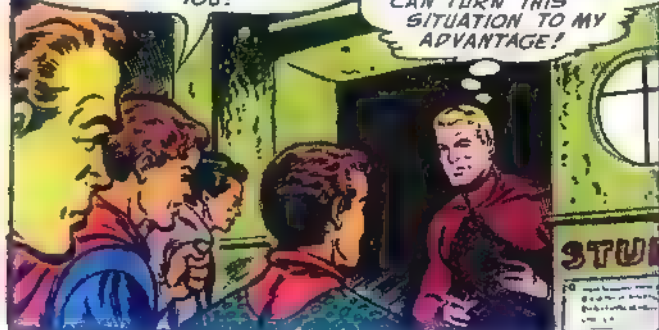
THE CROOKS DID THAT-- WHICH MEANS I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO BROADCAST THAT SHATTERING SOUND!



AND JEALOUS YOUNG MEN ARE DETERMINED TO MAKE THINGS EVEN TOUGHER FOR TOMMY...

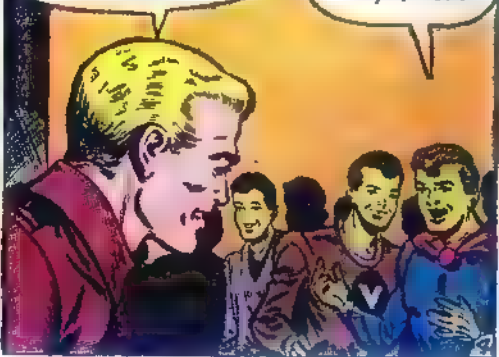
YOU CAN GET OFF VENUS, **SINGING SPACEMAN!** WE DON'T WANT OUR GIRL-FRIENDS SWOONING OVER YOU!

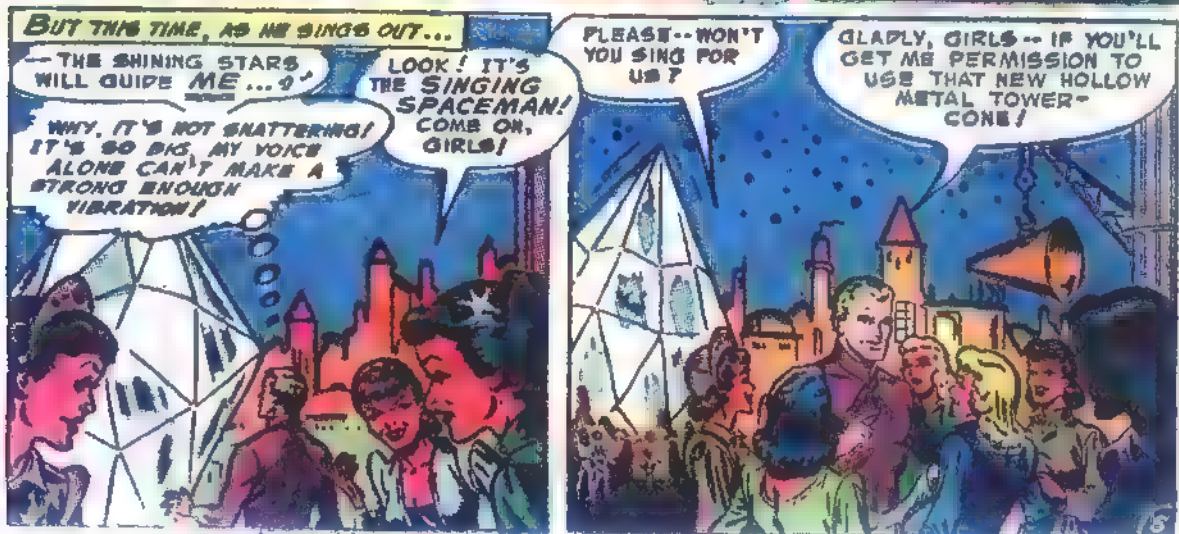
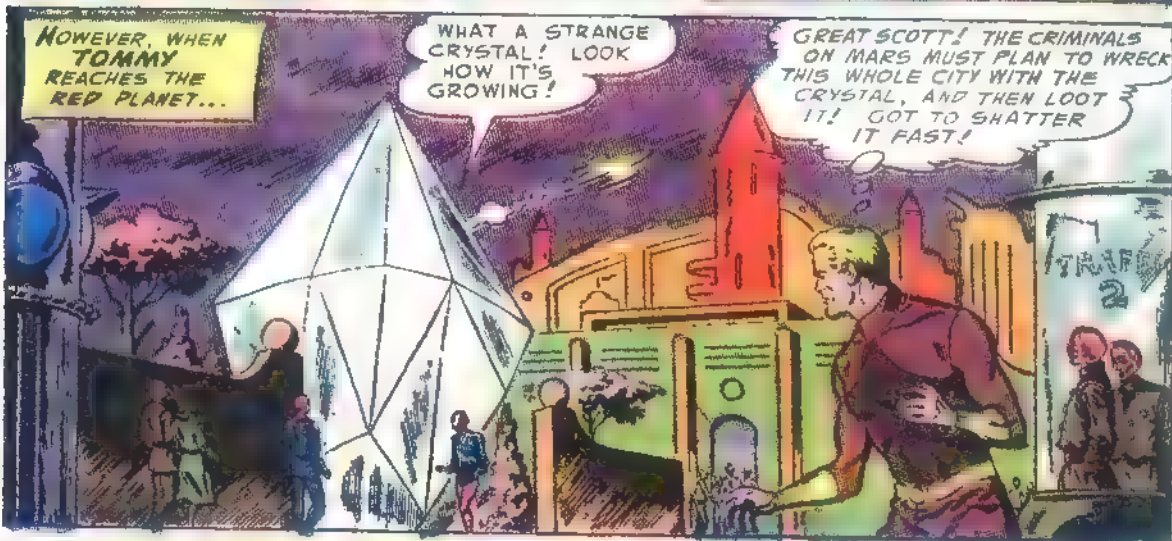
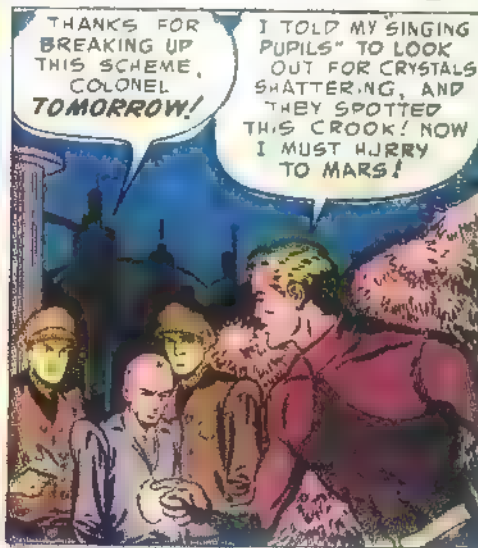
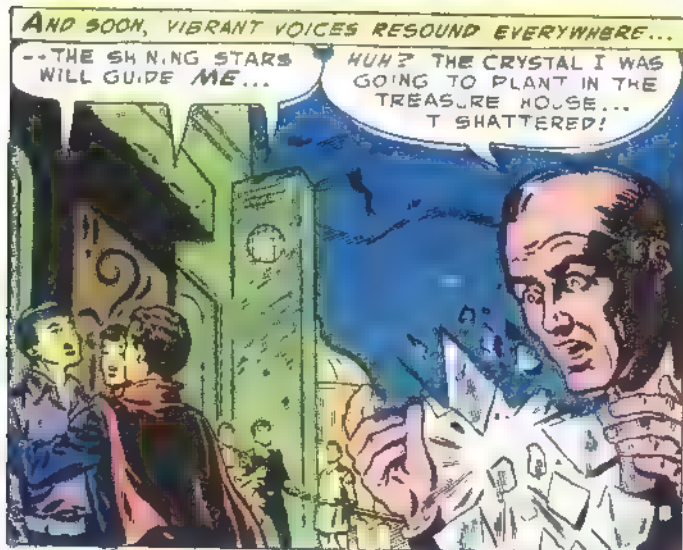
I CAN'T LEAVE... OR THOSE CRYSTALS WILL WREAK HAVOC! BUT WAIT... MAYBE I CAN TURN THIS SITUATION TO MY ADVANTAGE!

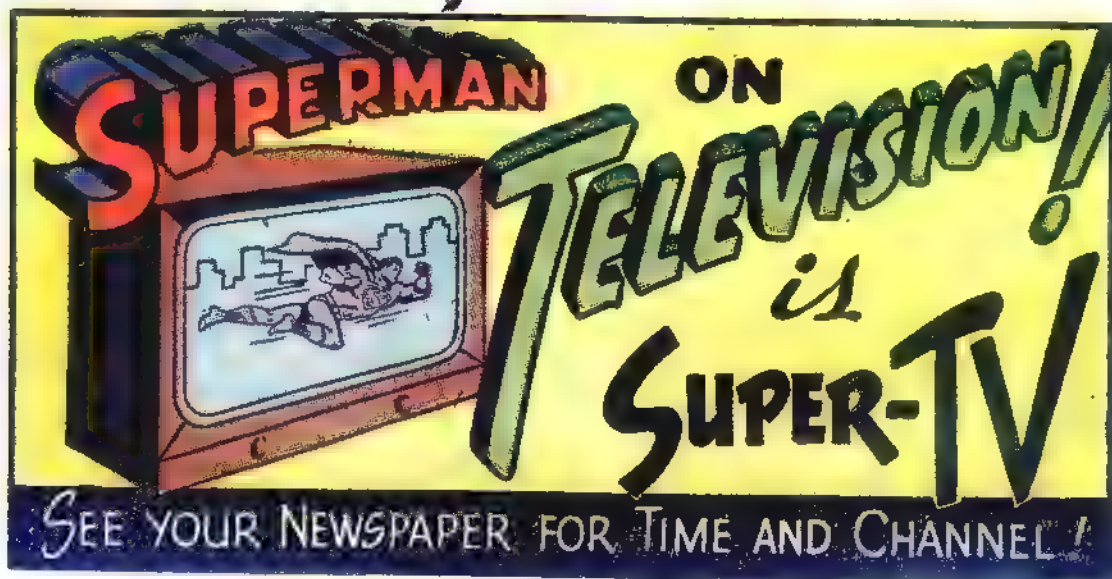
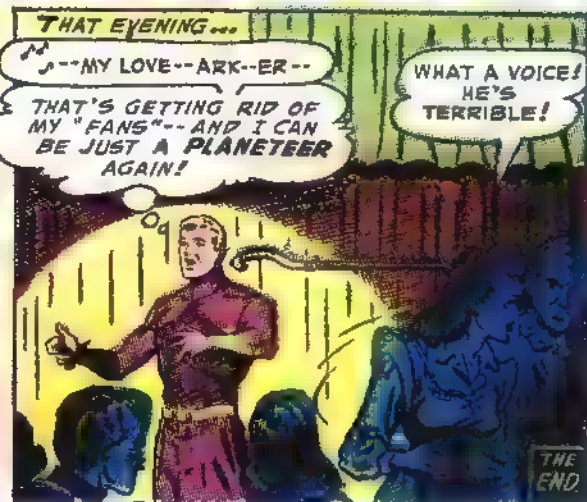
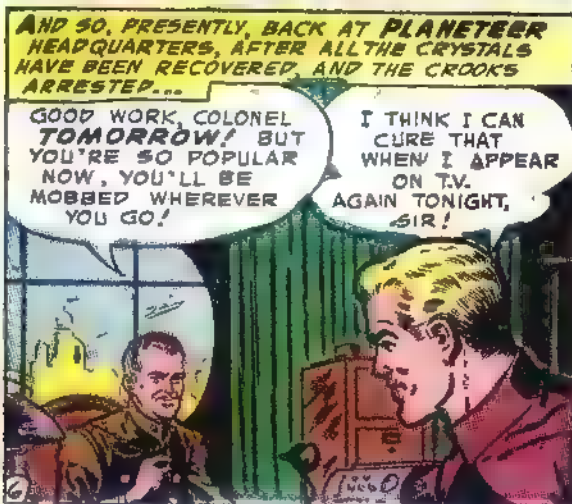
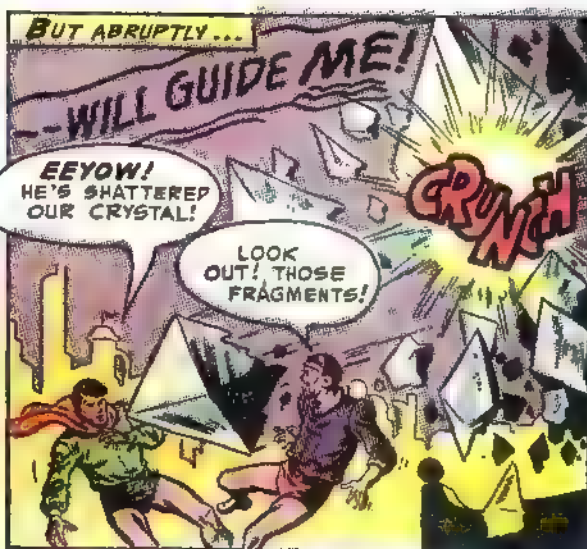
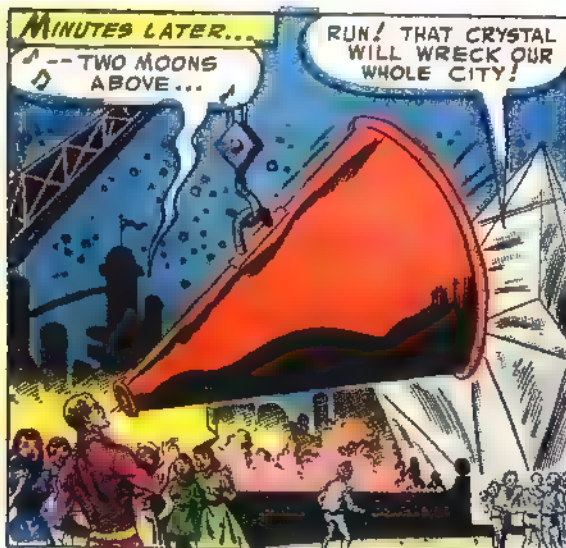


LISTEN... I CAN SHOW YOU ALL HOW TO SING WITH MY SPECIAL VIBRATION IN YOUR VOICE! WANT TO LEARN?

DO WE? THAT'D GET OUR GIRL-FRIENDS BACK! SHOW US, QUICK!







MILLION-TO-ONE SHOT



The Jet Plane Was Falling Faster Than the Speed of Sound, Yet Could Its Pilot Be Saved?

MY name is Charlie Darrow. I fly an F-84 jet. I'm not exactly the hero of the story I am about to relate, but I'm proud to say I played a leading role in it.

Three of us were racing back from a bombing mission over a Jap-held island in the closing months of the war in the Pacific. Just ahead was Capt. Ally Jones, our Wolf Leader. I was in Wolf Three position, and Lt. Jimmy Hessler was in the Wolf Two spot.

I was feeling good. The raid had been 100 percent successful. Not one of our planes had been touched by the enemy's antiaircraft fire, and we were almost home.

At the time we were doing about 500 m.p.h., at an altitude of just over 30,000 feet. I glanced at Ally Jones, just ahead. He seemed to be moving his head from side to side in a peculiar manner, so, just as a check, I got him on the radio, and said:

"Wolf Leader, this is Wolf Three. You feeling okay?"

Ally's voice crackled over my earphones a moment later:

"Sure, sure—fit as a fiddle!"

Then I glanced over at Jimmy, flying Number Two. He grinned and nodded to me. I settled back, and looked down. There wasn't much to see because of the early morning mist that clung to the earth, blotting out visibility.

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye

I glimpsed a swift movement in the Wolf Leader plane. Had Ally's head pitched forward, then straightened, like a guy trying to keep himself from dozing off?

I pulled alongside Ally again, and radioed him.

"Wolf Leader, this is Wolf Three again. You sure you're okay?"

Ally turned to look in my direction. I could just about make out the face he made at me. It matched the words that sputtered back:

"For gosh sakes, stop acting like an old lady! I told you I'm okay! Now keep your eyes on the road!"

But even before I had the chance to obey the order, I saw Ally's head pitch forward, and his plane nose downward in a sudden, spurting movement.

Jimmy Hessler had seen it, too, and before I knew it, he was alongside. Hessler radioed me:

"Wolf Two here! What happened to Wolf Leader?"

Hessler must have known as well as I, but I shouted the answer into my radio anyway:

"Oxygen apparatus is shot! No doubt about it!"

The reader may be wondering why Capt. Jones was bashful or backward about telling me before that his oxygen had conked

out. The answer is, he didn't know it!

That's an odd thing about losing oxygen up in the rarified air. You don't begin choking for air, as some people think. In fact, you feel good when the oxygen supply begins to go, like walking on a cloud. Then, all of a sudden, everything begins to get hazy, and you black out. That's what had happened to Capt. Ally Jones.

There was no sense trying to catch up with the diving jet. And it wouldn't have done any good if we had. You may be able to change horses in mid-stream, but you can't change jet planes in mid-air.

At this stage of the game, you wouldn't get the most reckless bettor in the world to take a million-to-one bet on Ally Jones' chances of surviving. Would you take the bet? Of course you wouldn't; and yet, Capt. Ally Jones came out of this adventure without a scratch. This is how it happened.

When Ally's jet began to dive, it had started down at 500 m.p.h. The plane was dropping almost vertically, and after falling a thousand feet, its speed had increased over 100 m.p.h. At a few thousand feet, it broke the sound barrier. In other words, it was going faster than the speed of sound.

Now, something very peculiar happens to a plane's controls beyond the speed of sound; and by "something peculiar" I mean that the controls go into reverse. What follows next is that the plane does what is known as a "pitch-up"—nosing upward into a sudden, steep climb.

This was the moment I had been waiting for.

I radioed Jimmy Hessler to chase after our Wolf Leader on one side, while I raced up on the other side. Soon, we were close enough to get a good look at Ally. He was still out, slumped forward, with his head against the canopy.

Both Jimmy and myself kept up a shouting din into our radios, trying to wake up the unconscious squadron leader. But Ally's head just rolled and pitched with every movement of his plane.

Hessler was scared.

"I'm afraid he's a goner, Charlie! We'll never wake him up!"

"Not at this altitude, we won't!" I radioed back. "Tell you what we'll do, Jimmy! Now listen carefully."

I could almost hear Jimmy gritting his teeth, as I screamed directions to him:

"Get your wing under Ally's wing, Jimmy! I'll do the same thing with his other wing! That way we'll keep him level and try to get him down where he can breathe some air. It's his only chance. Think you can do it?"

"Roger!"

It took some maneuvering, but we got both our wings into position just as Ally's plane straightened, and moments before it would have gone into a spin.

Slowly but surely, Hessler and I guided Ally's plane down, down, down. I checked my instruments: a little over 15,000 feet! I radioed Jimmy Hessler:

"Start talking it up, Jimmy!"

In the next minutes, we kept up a running gibberish that must have sounded like the inside of a lunatic asylum.

"Wake up, Ally boy . . . time to go to school . . . let's go, sonny, hop out of bed . . . open those pretty blue eyes, baby . . ." and so on.

But it paid off. Ally's head began to bob. Then, Hessler shut up and I tried to get through to Wolf Leader.

"Switch your oxygen output to 100 percent, Ally! Can you hear me? Switch up to 100 percent!"

I got through. As if in a dream, Ally's fingers reached for the switch on the panel.

And that same noon, the three of us were on the good earth, back home.

Just to keep the facts straight: actually, our wingtips never touched each other. That might have snapped them off. The air rushing past the wingtips created an invisible cushion between them—a cushion strong enough to support a jet plane!



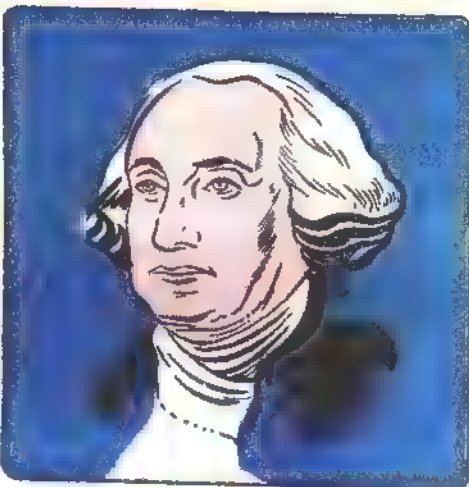
ACTION COMICS



QUIZZERS

"PRESIDENTS" QUIZ

MORTY
WATDEL



**TIME
LIMIT**
10 MINUTES

10 POINTS FOR
EACH CORRECT
ANSWER!



ANSWERS

- 1 WHAT PRESIDENT LIVED TO THE GREATEST AGE?
Your answer goes here
- 2 WHO WAS THE YOUNGEST PRESIDENT?
Your answer goes here
- 3 HOW MANY PRESIDENTS WERE NEVER ELECTED?
Your answer goes here
- 4 WHO WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT TO SERVE ONLY ONE TERM?
Your answer goes here
- 5 WHAT IS HERBERT HOOVER'S MIDDLE NAME? (THE INITIAL IS C)
Your answer goes here
- 6 HOW MANY AMERICAN PRESIDENTS WERE ASSASSINATED?
Your answer goes here
- 7 WHAT AMERICAN PRESIDENT WAS CALLED "THE RED FOX"?
Your answer goes here
- 8 WHAT PRESIDENT WAS IMPEACHED, TRIED AND ACQUITTED?
Your answer goes here
- 9 WHAT PRESIDENT IMMEDIATELY PRECEDED LINCOLN?
Your answer goes here
- 10 WHO WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT TO DIE IN OFFICE?
Your answer goes here

1-JOHN ADAMS (10) 2-THEODORE
ROOSEVELT 3-FOUR 4-ADAMS
5-CLARK 6-THREE 7-VAN BUREN
8-JOHNSON 9-BUCHANAN
10-WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

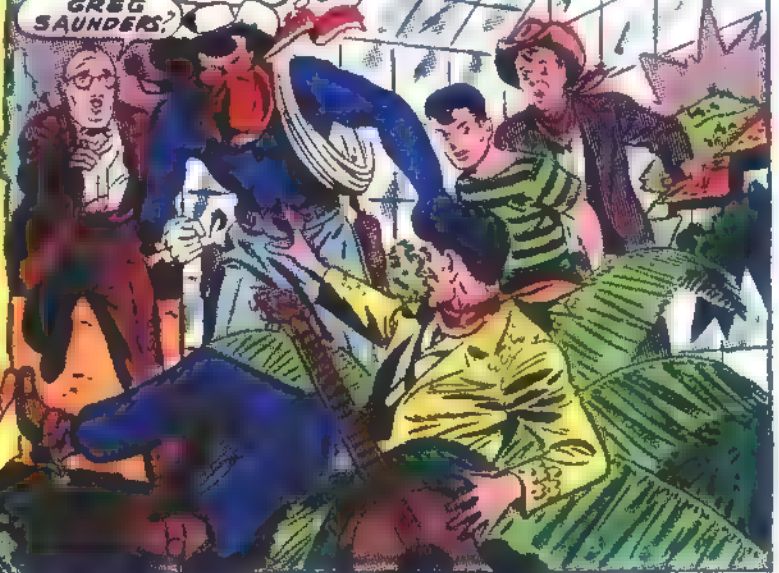
VIGILANTE

THE FAMED RIDER OF THE PURPLE SAGE STOOD HELPLESSLY BY AS THE THIEF WENT ON A LOOTING SPREE. FOR, TO EXPOSE THE WESTERN FRAUD MEANT A SURE END TO VIGILANTE-- AND TO CONCEAL THE TRUTH MEANT A REIGN OF TERROR BY...

The RED DUST BANDIT!

GREAT THUNDER, VIGILANTE-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY STRIKING OUR FAVORITE GUEST... GREG SAUNDERS?

I CAN'T TELL THEM THE TRUTH! IT WOULD MEAN THE END OF THE VIGILANTE FOREVER!



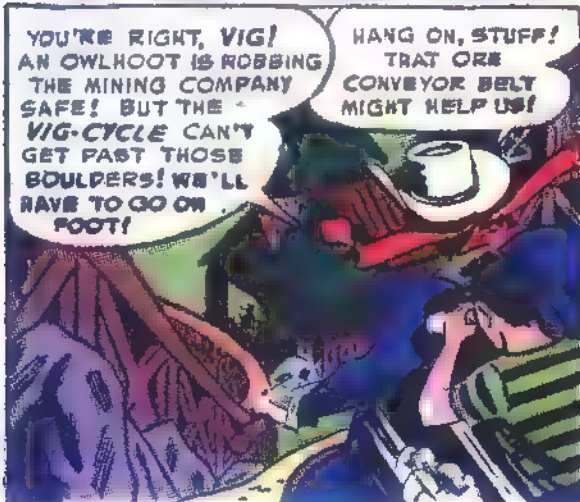
DEEP IN RED DUST COUNTY, VIGILANTE AND HIS YOUNG PAL, STUFF, WHIRL INTO ACTION AGAINST A MIDNIGHT MARAUDER...

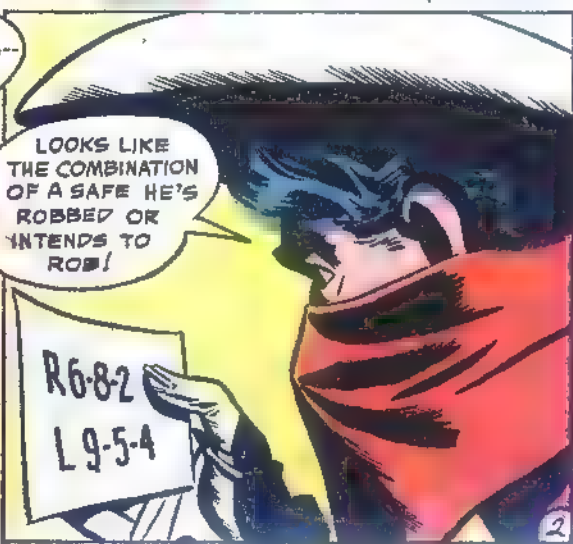
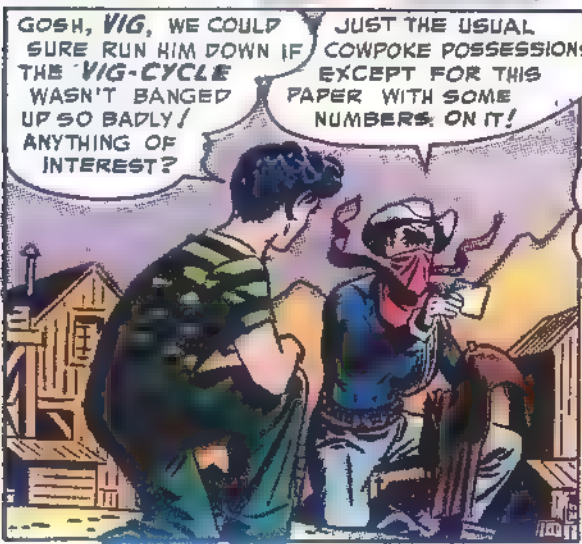
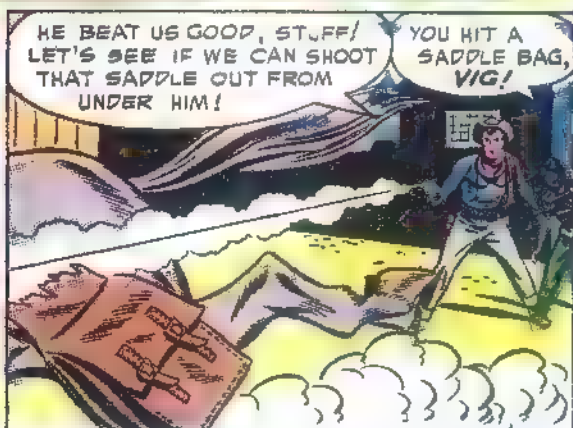
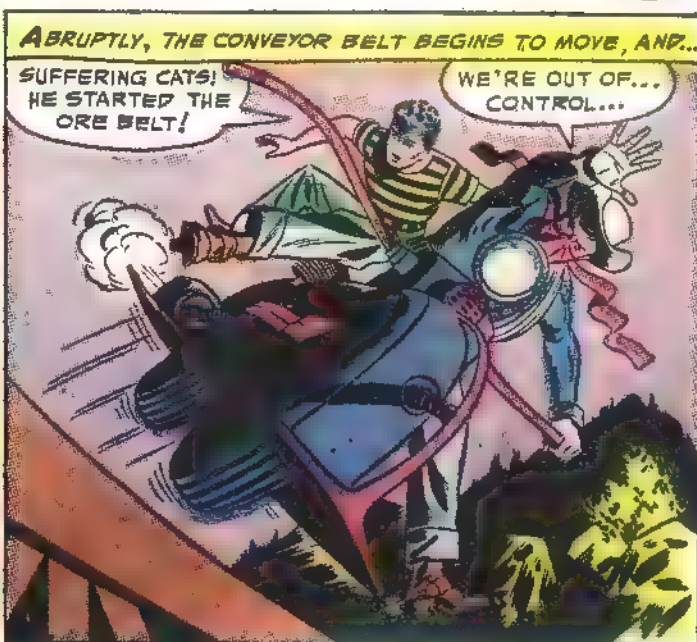
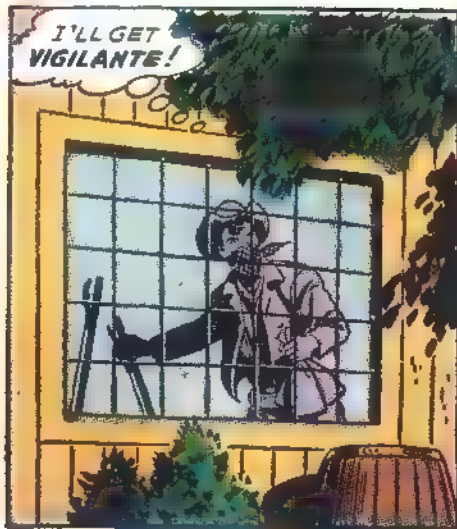
YOU'RE RIGHT, VIG! AN OWLHOOT IS ROBBING THE MINING COMPANY SAFE! BUT THE VIG-CYCLE CAN'T GET FAST THOSE BOULDERS! WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON FOOT!

HANG ON, STUFF! THAT ONE CONVEYOR BELT MIGHT HELP US!

HE'S SEEN US, VIG!

HE'LL HAVE TO MOVE MIGHTY FAST TO ELUDE US NOW, STUFF!





LATER, IN TOWN...

HA, HA! I SURE TRIPPED VIGILANTE UP LIKE A PRAIRIE JACKRABBIT! WITH DIFFERENT CLOTHES AND MINUS MY MASK, NO REASON I CAN'T HAVE ME A FLING OR TWO IN TOWN!

SOON AFTER, AS THE BRAZEN GUNMAN WALKS THROUGH TOWN...

WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKES-- GREG SANDERS!

DIDN'T EXPECT YOU IN TOWN FOR THE SHOW 'TIL TOMORRA MORNING, GREG!

WHA...?

GREG SANDERS PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IN PERSON

WE'RE GETTIN' READY FOR A REAL WING-DING WHEN WE HEAR YOU SING AND PLAY!

YUP! THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN TOWN TOMORRA NIGHT!

LEAPING GILA MONSTERS! THEY FIGURE ME TO BE THAT SINGING DANDY, GREG SANDERS! I MUST LOOK JUST LIKE HIM!

A MOMENT LATER...

OH, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!

THAT CRITTER IS KNOWN AND LIKED BY EVERYBODY! I CAN PLAY A GUITAR-- AN' LOOKING JUST LIKE SANDERS, I COULD FOOL FOLKS... HMM!

Coming TOMORROW
THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR

NEXT MORNING, AS VIGILANTE ARRIVES IN HIS EVERY-DAY ROLE OF GREG SANDERS...

THERE'S GREG SANDERS!

VIGILANTE DAY CELEBRATION NEXT MONTH
Come One Come All

LOOK, VIG!

THESE FOLKS WOULD SURE BE SURPRISED IF THEY KNEW YOU WERE BOTH THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR AND VIGILANTE!

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, STUFF! LET'S GET ON TO THE HOTEL!

NEXT NIGHT, AS GREG WARMS UP FOR HIS PERFORMANCE...

I FEEL IN GOOD SINGING SPIRITS TONIGHT! YES SIRE!

YOU SURE ARE, VIG!



ACTION COMICS



SUDDENLY...



DON'T MOVE, SANDERS, OR I'LL BLAST THAT GUITAR THROUGH YOUR CHEST! NOW YOU AND I ARE GOING TO CHANGE PLACES!



CHANGE PLACES?

SHORTLY, THE AUDIENCE IS UNAWARE THAT AN IMPOSTOR IS POSING AS THEIR FAVORITE SINGER...

ER, MERRY FOLKS! CAUGHT A COLD COMING OVER THE MOUNTAINS! I'LL JUST HAVE TO PLAY THE GUITAR TONIGHT! THAT'S OKAY, GREG! LET HER RIP!



AND AFTERWARD...

GIT MOVING OUT THE BACK WAY! I'M TAKIN' YOU TWO WHERE YOU WON'T DISTURB MY NEW CAREER AS GREG SANDERS!

IT'S SURE DISTURBING TO SEE A TWO-BIT BANDIT LIKE YOU CAN HAVE MY FACE, MISTER! BUT I RECKON SOMEBODY WILL BE CHANGING IT REAL QUICK!



DEEP IN THE HILLS, THE OUTLAW IMPOSTOR BRINGS THE TRAPPED PAIR...

GET ALONG, BOYS! I'M GONNA HOLE YOU UP IN A NEW HIDEOUT NOBODY COULD BREAK OUT OF!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT THE WINNING HAND -- SO FAR!



YOU'RE LUCKY I AIN'T KILLING YOU! I'M SAVING YOUR HIDES IN CASE I NEED YOU LATER FOR SOMETHING!



ONCE ALONE, A STEEL DOOR CLOSES ON THE PAIR! TONS OF ROCK HEM THEM IN WITHIN THE HILLSIDE...

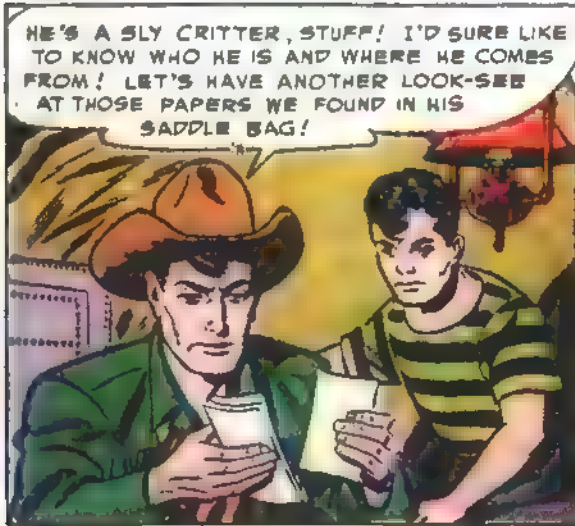
WE'RE SURE SHARLED IN A BUNCH OF SAGEBRUSH THIS TIME, STUFF...

...WHILE THAT OWL-HOOT WILL HAVE HIS RUN OF THE TOWN POSING AS GREG SANDERS!

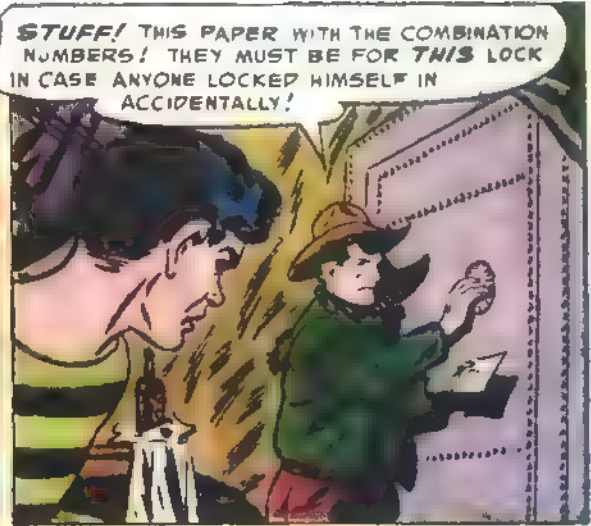




ACTION COMICS



HE'S A SLY CRITTER, STUFF! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHO HE IS AND WHERE HE COMES FROM! LET'S HAVE ANOTHER LOOK-SEE AT THOSE PAPERS WE FOUND IN HIS SADDLE BAG!



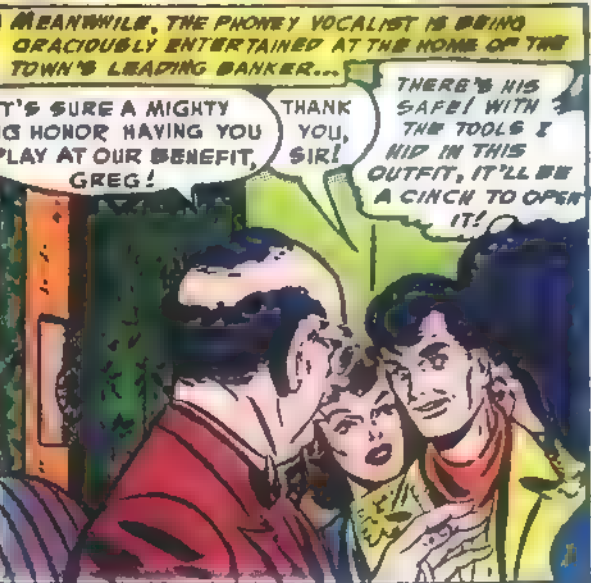
STUFF! THIS PAPER WITH THE COMBINATION NUMBERS! THEY MUST BE FOR THIS LOCK IN CASE ANYONE LOCKED HIMSELF IN ACCIDENTALLY!



ANXIOUSLY, THE PARING RIDER OF THE PURPLE SAGE TRIED THE COMBINATION, AND...

THUNDERATION! I WAS RIGHT!

YAHOO! LET'S GO CORRAL THAT DESERT RAT PRONTO!

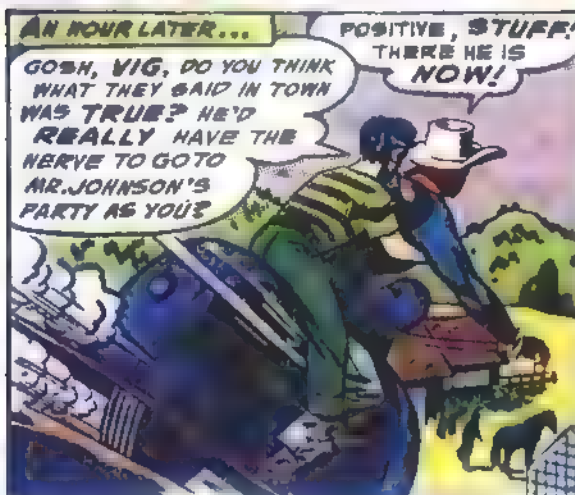


MEANWHILE, THE PHONEY VOCALIST IS BEING GRACIOUSLY ENTERTAINED AT THE HOME OF THE TOWN'S LEADING BANKER...

IT'S SURE A MIGHTY BIG HONOR HAVING YOU PLAY AT OUR BENEFIT, GREG!

THANK YOU, SIR!

THERE'S HIS SAFE! WITH THE TOOLS I HAD IN THIS OUTFIT, IT'LL BE A CINCH TO OPEN IT!



AN HOUR LATER...

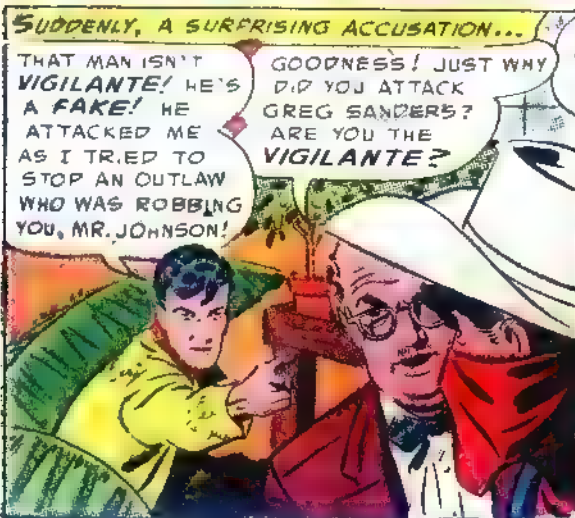
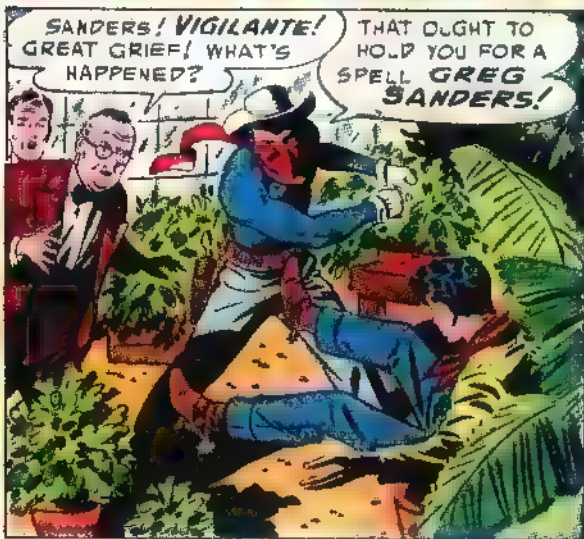
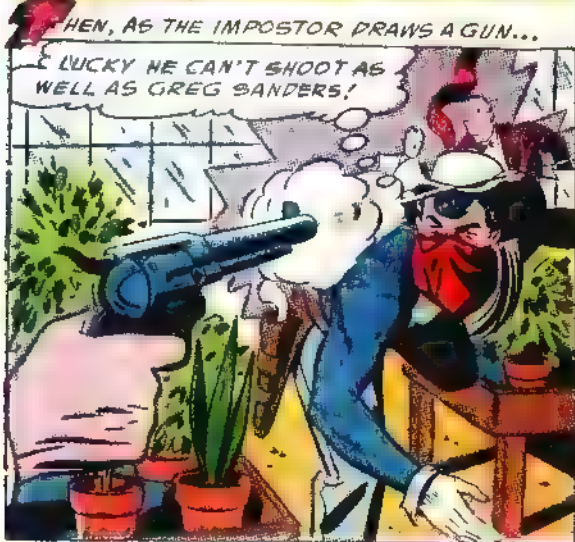
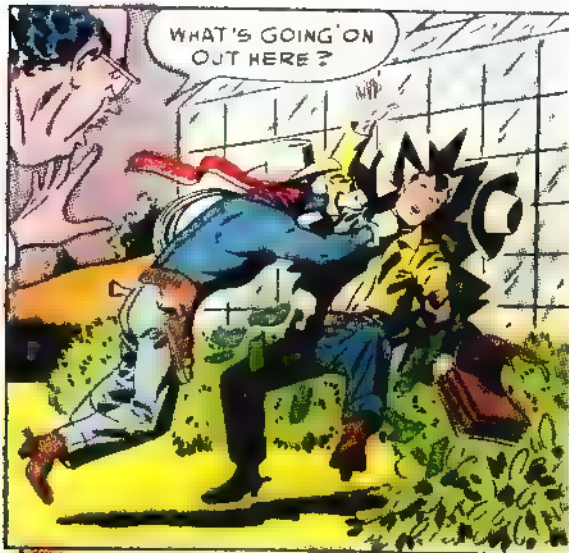
GOSH, VIG, DO YOU THINK WHAT THEY SAID IN TOWN WAS TRUE? HE'D REALLY HAVE THE NERVE TO GO TO MR. JOHNSON'S PARTY AS YOU?

POSITIVE, STUFF! THERE HE IS NOW!



TAKE OVER, STUFF! GAME'S UP, BUSTER!

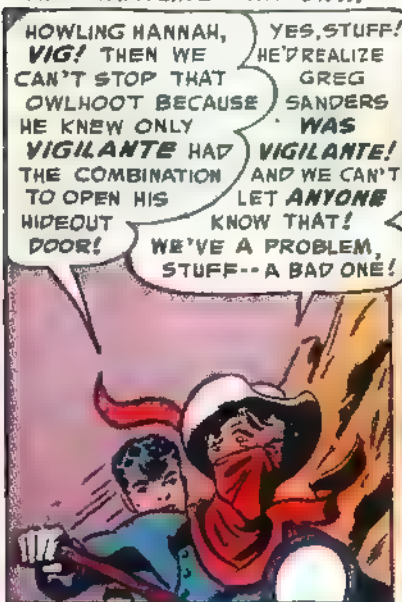
WHA...?



FORGET IT, VIGILANTE! AT LEAST, I SAVED THE MONEY THAT BANDIT TRIED TO STEAL!

SUFFERING SIX GUNS! WHY DOESN'T VIGILANTE TELL THEM THAT CRITTER'S A FAKE?

AFTERWARD, STUFF LEARNS THE STARTLING REASON...



HOWLING HANNAH, VIG! THEN WE CAN'T STOP THAT OWLHOOT BECAUSE HE KNEW ONLY VIGILANTE HAD THE COMBINATION TO OPEN HIS HIDEOUT DOOR!

YES, STUFF! HE'D REALIZE GREG SANDERS WAS VIGILANTE! AND WE CAN'T LET ANYONE KNOW THAT! WE'VE A PROBLEM, STUFF-- A BAD ONE!

STUFF, THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER-- WE MUST LET THAT IMPOSTOR **ROB AGAIN!** THEN WE CAN TRAIL HIM-- NOW, LISTEN CLOSELY...

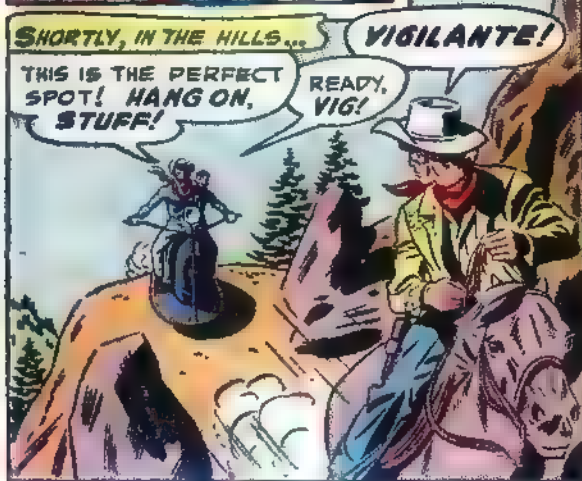


SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE HARD-RIDING TEAM OBSERVES THEIR QUARRY NEAR A CHARITY CARNIVAL...



HE'S TAKING THE PROCEEDS FROM THE MONEY BOX, VIG!

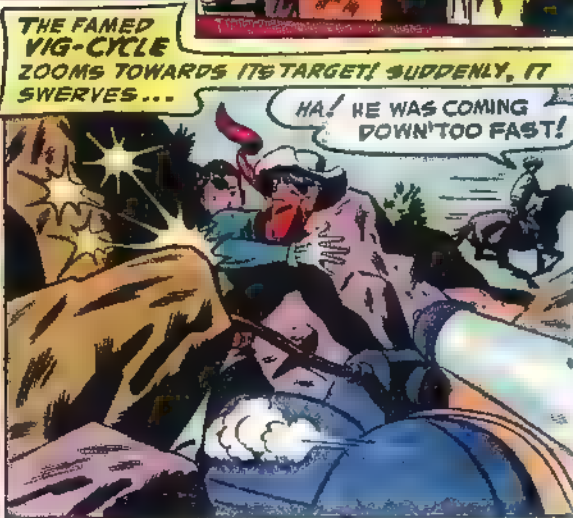
BY POSING AS GREG SANDERS, HE WAS PUT ON THE COMMITTEE! NOW WE TRAIL HIM TO WHERE HE HIDES THE CASH!



SHORTLY, IN THE HILLS... VIGILANTE!

THIS IS THE PERFECT SPOT! HANG ON, STUFF!

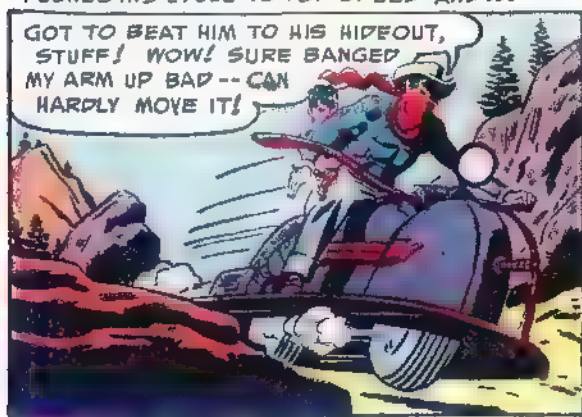
READY, VIG!



THE FAMED VIG-CYCLE ZOOMS TOWARDS ITS TARGET! SUDDENLY, IT SWERVES...

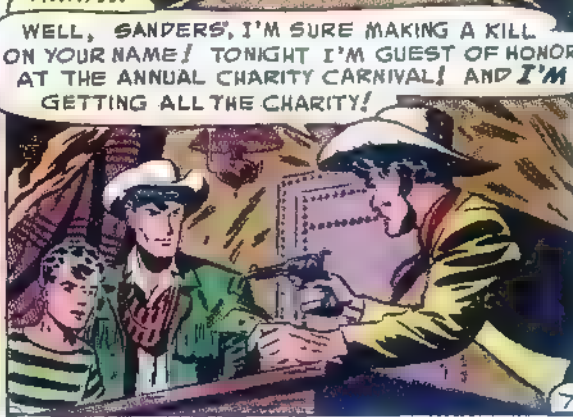
HA! HE WAS COMING DOWN TOO FAST!

BUT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SLOPE, VIGILANTE PUSHES HIS CYCLE TO TOP SPEED AND...



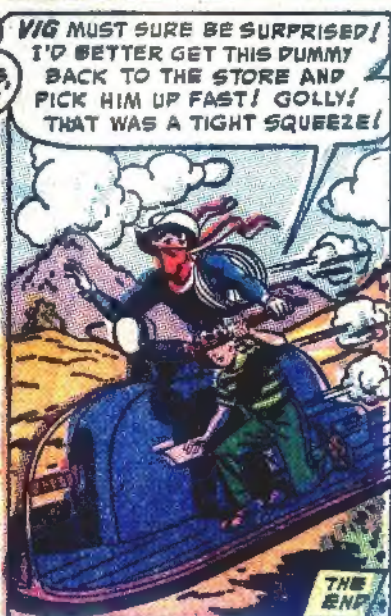
GOT TO BEAT HIM TO HIS HIDEOUT, STUFF! WOW! SURE BANGED MY ARM UP BAD-- CAN HARDLY MOVE IT!

AND WHEN THE IMPOSTOR REACHES HIS HIDE-AWAY...



WELL, SANDERS, I'M SURE MAKING A KILL ON YOUR NAME! TONIGHT I'M GUEST OF HONOR AT THE ANNUAL CHARITY CARNIVAL! AND I'M GETTING ALL THE CHARITY!

LATER, THE CARNIVAL IS IN FULL SWING WHEN ABRUPTLY, A **SECOND GREG SANDERS** ENTERS...



WHAT A MESS! WONDER WHERE THOSE STUFF WENT...?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! THANKS, **VIGILANTE!**

VIG MUST SURE BE SURPRISED! I'D BETTER GET THIS DUMMY BACK TO THE STORE AND PICK HIM UP FAST! GOLLY! THAT WAS A TIGHT SQUEEZE!

HIYA! I'M TRACKING DOWN AN OWLHOOT FOLKS...

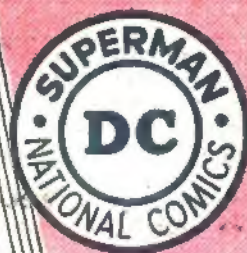
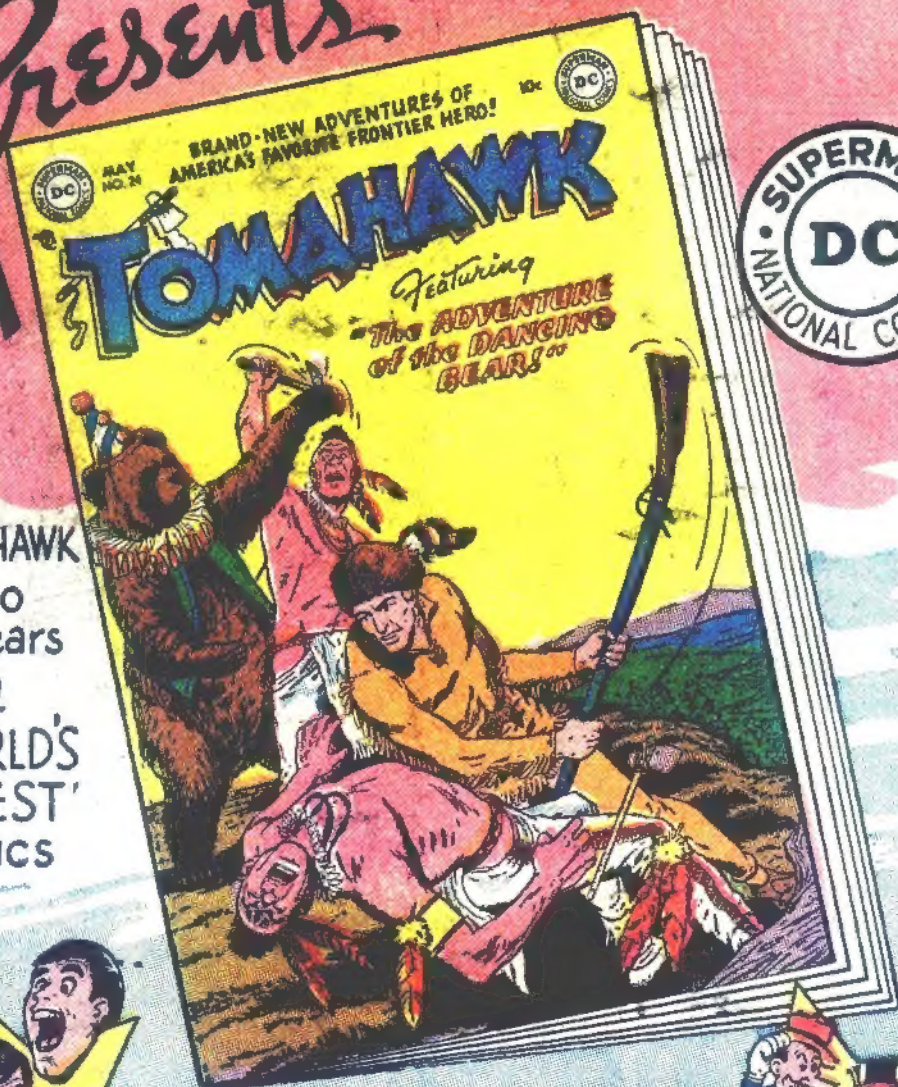
...BUT THE **REAL** GREG SANDERS IS BESIDE YOU, SHERIFF! THE OTHER IS THE PHONEY!

THUNDERATION! MY INJURED ARM HAS STIFFENED UP ON ME! I CAN'T PLAY!



THE LINE OF STARS

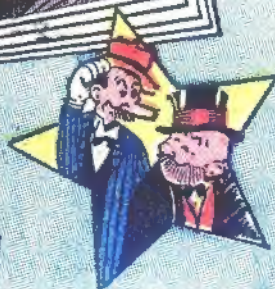
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